THE MEREDITH EAGLE.

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AND THIS IS HONOR.

The child and the old man sat alone
In the quiet, peaceful shade
Of the old green boughs, that had richly grown
In the deep thick forest glade.
It was a soft and pleasant sound,
That rustling of the oak,
And the gentle breeze played lightly round
As thus the fair boy spoke:—

"Dear father, what can honor be,
Of which I hear men rave!
Field, cell and cloister, land and sea,
The tempest and the grave.
It lives in all, 'tis sought in each,
'Tis never heard or seen.
Now tell me, father, I beseech,
What can this honor mean?"

'Tis a name—a name, my child—
It lived in other days.
When men were rude, their passions wild,
Their sport thick battle frays;
When in armor bright the warrior bold
Knelt to his lady's eyes—
Beneath the abbey pavement old
That warrior's dust now lies.

The iron hearts of that old day
Have moldered to the grave,
And chivalry has passed away
With knights so true and brave;
The honor which to them was life
Throbs in no bosom now—
It only gilds the gambler's strife
Or decks the worthless vow.

CHARLES DICKENS.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

We were quartered in India, with sharp fighting ahead of us, and not far ahead either, as we knew very well. Meanwhile we did our best to pass the time, and seized upon every opportunity for "fun," as school-boys do.

We all have our favorites in this world, and there were two men in the regiment who seemed worth more to me than all the rest put together. One of them was our chaplain, a handsome man of forty, with a loud, ringing laugh, a face that told of a conscience as clear as man's may be, and a friendly manner that won the hardest heart.

He had a fashion of speaking of the wife and children at home that showed how well he loved them, and he wore her miniature about his neck and had showed it to me in a fond, proud way soon after we became friends. Home was always in his thought and often on his tongue, and I liked him better for it.

My other friend was a young, rich lieutenant; a dreamy, sensitive young fellow, who had engaged himself on the eve of his departure from England to a beautiful girl whom I know very well and believed to be a flirt of the first water. He had given me his confidence entirely; and I, who had never had a sweetheart, and believed that I should never care enough for any woman to ask her to be my wife, somehow took a great interest in his heart affairs, and, fond as I was of him, could not have smiled at his raptures over shallow-hearted Phœbe Dutton for my life.

We three—the chaplain, young Herbert and I—were breakfasting together one morning, when my servant entered, and, with an odd expression on his face, explained that there was a queer-looking Indian chap outside who asked admittance.

"I know something about him," he said, "and he's in league with the devil if ever man was. That lad of his knows more than he ought to," he added. "We had a peep at the show last night and frightened ourselves finely. Still it's curious."

"It is probably an Indian magician," said the chaplain.

"Yes, sir," said the man. "That's the name for him, I believe. Shall he come in?"

"Let him in," said I. "We'll see him, at all events."

The servant retired and in a moment more re-appeared, ushering in a very singular individual.

It was an old man, with a bronzed skin, a long, hooked nose, flashing black eyes, and a long white beard. He stooped as he walked, and leaned on a long, thick staff with one hand, and with the other upon the shoulder of a beautiful boy of perhaps ten years old. As he approached he made us a low reverence and addressed us in some words that were incomprehensible to me. The chaplain, however, interpreted them.

"The man declares himself to be a magician," he said, "and desires to know whether we have any wish to know what has happened in our own country since we left it. Of course it is all rubbish, but these exhibitions are said to be curious. Shall we let him do what he can, gentlemen?"

"By all means," said I. "We are too old to be frightened, I fancy."

Herbert merely nodded, but lovers are always a little superstitious for the time being, and I saw a hope of hearing something about Phœbe Dutton in his big blue eyes.

Turning from us, the chaplain signified to the magician that he might proceed, and he in turn addressed the boy, who at once proceeded to business by spreading a rug, which he carried under his arm, upon the ground and placing the old magician carefully upon it. Having done this, he prostrated himself at his feet and lay there, face downward and perfectly motionless.

Meanwhile the magician drew from his bosom a small flask, and having uttered some words over it, touched the boy upon his shoulder. On the instant the little fellow started up and knelt before him with one hand extended, the palm upwards and hollowed into a sort of cup, and into this the magician slowly poured from the flask a black liquid not unlike ink, and then grasping the boy's wrist, addressed the chaplain.

"He says that the boy will look for anyone any person present desires to see," he said, "and he begs us to make haste, for the condition into which the child is thrown is very exhausting. What says Nesbit—do you desire a peep at anyone?"

"Not I," he answered. "But, come, Herbert, you try."

The young man turned his dreamy blue eyes upon me.

"Yes," he said, frankly. "If I hoped he knew anything of Phœbe I should be very glad. Ask him if he can do anything for me, will you?"

The magician seemed to understand him. He motioned him to advance, and spoke to the boy, who at once began to speak in English.

"I see—yes, I see," he faltered, in a strange, rapid way, as people speak who suffer from fever; "I see such a pretty thing—a place—a house. There are columns; there are painted windows; there are people—so many people!—and there is a lady; she is all in white; and there is flowers, orange blossoms, in her hair, and she has a veil. And there is a man dressed like you, and another man dressed in white robes; and the first man is putting a ring on her finger—on the lady's finger; and now he kisses her; and now—I can't see any more; it is gone."

"It is a wedding—a happy prophecy," said the chaplain.

Herbet blushed and dropped a handful of coin into the magician's lap, and our chaplain addressed the boy.

"My lad," he said, "try to go to England again; try to follow my thought. I am thinking of home now—of my wife. Do you know what I think of, and of whom?"

The boy nodded slowly.

"Oh, I am so tired," he said, "but I will go—I will try. It is very far—very far. Now—I—see. Now I see—I don't know what I see. It is black—a—black a black box—"

"A black box!" said the chaplain. "Look again."

"It is so dark," said the boy—"a dark room—but I see a black box full of white linen. Wait—I see plainer. It has something else in it—a—woman—a dead woman. It is what the English people are buried in—a—a coffin."

And with these words he dropped on his face and the black liquid dropped from his hand to the floor.

The chaplain had turned deathly pale. He sat down and wiped away the great drops that had started to his brow.

"What a fool I was to put myself in the way of being frightened by a mountebank!" he said. "What can that child know of anything that has happened or will happen in England?"

Then he, too, thrust coin into the magician's hand and bade him go.

For my part I laughed at the whole affair.

"The rascal fancied you a widower," I said, "and believed Herbert, as he is, a lover looking forward to his wedding. The boy has been taught to see these two pictures, and he acts well—that is all."

My friend agreed with me in words, if not at heart.

It was eight weeks before the mail came in. I never shall forget that morning, or how the men crowded in, eager-eyed and anxious to hear from home. The officers had theirs sooner than the others, and I had stepped aside with mine when I heard some one give a groan. I looked about me; there was a tall palm-tree close by, and against it leant the chaplain, his hand to his heart.

"For Heaven's sake, what is the matter?" I cried.

But before he answered I knew. His wife was dead.

It was more than he could bear, I saw that, and took his arm in mine and led him to my tent, as one leads the blind. But the tent was not empty, as I expected it would be.

Lieutenant Herbert was there seated on a camp-stool, with an open letter in his hand. I saw his face afterward, when he had just half an hour to live, and it was not much more changed than it was then. So absorbed was he in his own trouble that he did not see or care for anything else.

As the chaplain sank upon the bed he rose and came to me.

"Old boy," he said, "it wasn't a prophecy. Phœbe is married. It was her wedding that black imp of Satan saw. She has jilted me and married some one else."

Well, that's all.

I said I would add nothing to my story, and I will not. I don't know what I think about it myself, only it happened just so.

Poor Herbert was killed in the next engagement, and the chaplain died of a slow fever at Demerara, in a year or two. And they know now what it all meant; I don't.

The Wolf and the Goose.

A Goose who was prowling through the forest one day in search of prey, observed a Wolf sitting on the limb of a tree and called out:

"Good morning, my dear. You are looking unusually well this morning."

"That's all taffy," replied the Wolf.

"Pon honor, but I'd give a thousand dollars to have your complexion."

"Would you?"

"Indeed I would. And such eyes as you have got! Yum! yum!"

"Do you really think so?" grinned the pleased Wolf.

"You bet! Why, if I had your form I'd go on the stage and make my fortune."

The Wolf put his finger in his mouth and looked silly and felt flattered, and the Goose licked her chops and continued:

"Please come down and let me take the pattern of your coat-tails. Such a graceful set I never saw in my travels."

The Wolf came down with his ears working with delight, and had only reached the earth when the Goose sprang upon him and chewed him into dish-cloths.

MORAL:

Beware of the Goose.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A WILKES BOOTH ROMANCE.

[From the Pittsburg Dispatch.]

Miss Estelle was not very friendly toward me for the first day or two. I was young enough to be enthusiastic in my politics, and I had the Pittsburg backbone in them; and the young lady seemed to guess this, and avoided any talk with me about the war, although she sometimes talked to me through her mother. I was fortunately fond of music, and knew something about it. This bridged the chasm between us, and finally made us pretty good friends and tolerant of each other's opinions. Well, one morning—it was Wednesday, I remember—Miss Estelle and I were at the breakfast table, Mrs. ——having excused herself, as she had some household duties to attend to. The young lady's attention was evidently pre-occupied about something, for she talked at random, and seemed to be thinking. At last she said, with a rather odd expression of face: "I expect a friend to call on me this afternoon. I think you will like him. He is very fond of music."

I asked who he was, and she looked rather disturbed at my question, but replied: "He is my best friend; he is an actor, and is coming over from Washington." I remembered what her mother had told me, and I changed the topic of conversation. In the afternoon, about 4 o'clock, I was sitting in the parlor with Estelle, when her brother Bob came in with a letter for her. She blushed when she saw the handwriting on the envelope, and tore it open hastily. Then her expression changed, and she showed that she was disappointed. She read the letter two or three times, and then exclaimed:

"It's too bad! He isn't coming. I think he might have written more than that, don't you?"

She tossed the letter to me, and, turning around to the piano, began playing.

The note read:

"April 12—It will not be possible for me to keep the appointment for this afternoon. I regret it much, but business interferes. J. W. B."

Three days after that I was to go home. I got up early to help make arrangements, and went out on the street, where I heard of the assassination of Lincoln. When I returned, Mrs. —— and Estelle were awaiting my appearance to sit down to breakfast. I was greatly excited, and exclaimed as I entered:

"President Lincoln was murdered in Washington last night!"

Both ladies screamed and looked frightened, and Mrs. —— cried out:

"O, they will kill all of us who are friends of the South! Who did it?"

"A scoundrelly actor named Booth—John Wilkes Booth."

The words were scarcely out of my mouth before Estelle gave a scream—such a horrible scream that I shall never forget it—and then she fell forward upon the table, and from there to the floor, dragging the breakfast things about her with a crash. The mother seemed to be almost as much affected as her daughter, but she loosened Estelle's dress and lifted her up, while I bathed her head with water. I was terribly confused, but I suggested that I should go for a doctor. Mrs. ——, at the mere suggestion, almost screamed.

"No! no! No one must know it!"

"Know what?" I asked.

"Why, don't you know? Don't you know that John Booth was the man I told you about—the man she is in love with?"

Then I remembered the note, and the fact that it was signed "J. W. B." Estelle had not mentioned the name and that was why I did not understand it. I was there two days longer, as I thought Mrs. —— might need me; but she said she preferred to be alone, and I left, after promising her not to tell what I knew. She was wild with terror, and feared that her daughter might be suspected of having some connection with the plot of Booth and his companions. Estelle was ill, and did not leave her room, and I never saw her after that awful morning, poor girl!

Locked with Sealing-Wax.

The Hartford, Conn., *Times*, says:—The Wayland Liquor law, passed by the last Legislature, requires that all access to a saloon from a dwelling in the same building shall be closed. The object is to stop illegal selling on Sunday by means of private entrances. An examination of the premises of applicants for license will be made by the prosecuting agent without cost to them, and upon matters being arranged to the agent's satisfaction, he gives the petitioner a note to that effect to the County Commissioners. The seal he has adopted is effectual and ingenious, and yet very simple. He takes a slip of stout paper about an inch in length, bearing his signature, tacks it on the door-casing, and closes the door; the paper is then lapped over on the inside of the door, and a long screw driven obliquely through into the casing; this is covered with sealing-wax and stamped with a seal about the size of a twenty-five cent piece, a regular Chinese puzzle, and which seems impossible to counterfeit. If the door is opened, not only is the seal destroyed, but the paper is broken and detection is sure. By the law any person opening the door renders himself liable to have his license revoked, and thereby lose his fees. About fifty doors have been thus sealed so far, and there are nearly twice as many yet to look after.

THE REGISTER.—A St. Louisian notes that when a poor drunkard dies the attendant physician registers the death as from "drunkenness" or "alcoholism." In the case of a man better off it goes down to "mania a potu," but in the case of the bibulous rich as "general debility," "nervous prostration," "methysia."

THERE is a proselyting power in a happy spirit.

THE SORGHUM SUGAR INDUSTRY.

What the Academy of Science has to Say on the Subject.

Professor O. C. Marsh, president of the National Academy of Sciences, has made a report upon the "scientific and economic relations of the sorghum sugar industry," as found by the Academy in their investigation of the subject.

It appears that three varieties of sorghum gave over 13 per cent. of sugar, seven varieties 12 per cent., seven 11 per cent., seven 10 per cent., and seven 9 per cent. of sugar; and that of the varieties of maize grown in 1880 ten varieties gave over 9 per cent. cane sugar, ten varieties 10 per cent., nine varieties 11 per cent., nine varieties 12 per cent., four varieties 13 per cent., one variety 14 per cent., and one 15 per cent.

The committee state that in 1880 over 62,000,000 acres of land, or 38 per cent. of all the cultivated land of the United States, were in maize.

The amount of the sugar thus apparently lost, calculated by the results obtained by the Department of Agriculture in the last three years, is equal to the present product of the entire world. A remarkable uniformity has been discovered in the several varieties of sorghum as sugar-producing plants when fully developed, but it has also been learned that the different varieties vary widely in the time required for their full development, varying, as has been shown, fully three months between the earlier and later maturing varieties.

The conclusion arrived at by the Department in the laboratory and mill as its special contribution to the sorghum industry, and the conclusions obtained elsewhere, are in the opinion of the committee as follows:

FIRST—Cane should be worked up as soon as cut.

SECOND—That suckers should not be allowed in the crop.

THIRD—That the exclusion of all immature cane is of the greatest importance in the manufacture of sugar.

FOURTH—Sugar has been made from sorghum and corn stalks.

FIFTH—Ripe seed will indicate the proper time for working up the crop.

SIXTH—Rain and drouth do not affect the quality of the juice.

SEVENTH—Mature sorghum is not injured by frost.

EIGHTH—Loss of sucrose in sorghum syrup is no greater than that in syrup from sugar cane.

NINTH—That the presence of gum in the syrup of cane and maize is the great obstacle in the way of sugar manufacture.

These are the discoveries claimed by the Department.

The Channel Disaster.

A dispatch from Newhaven states that the third officer, two quartermasters and three seamen, constituting the crew of the boat sent from the Westphalia in search of the steamer which collided with the Westphalia, have been landed there by a Belgian pilot boat. They report having seen the other steamer sink, with all hands. The Westphalia was surveyed in the dock at Portsmouth. The damage on the starboard side extends from the stem to forty feet aft, and on the port side, from the stem to fifteen feet aft.

The hole on the port side is nine feet across. A large piece of the steamer with which she collided, including some frames, is sticking in the hole. The Westphalia's stem appears to be sound. After striking the Westphalia on the port side, it is probable that the other steamer swung round and scraped along the Westphalia's starboard side. The latter vessel, despite the extensive damage she sustained, according to the latest account, waited six hours before making for a port of refuge. The third officer of the Westphalia reports that after pulling about for nearly two hours, he saw the vessel go down about two hundred yards distant, but was unable to ascertain her name or nationality. He saw flames burst forth from the steamer before she sank.

Uneasy Soldiers.

The guardsmen returned from Egypt who now walk the streets of London have a wild look about the eyes and a marked unquiet about the brow. The trace of severe privation is left in their dried and shrunken forms, but the trace of mental anguish is visible enough in the disturbed glances they cast around. The same expression was noticeable in the faces of the men returned from Zululand, and the officers of our army will tell you that the men who have served in the frontier war against the Indians never recovered the happy, careless look they had worn at the commencement of a campaign. "One single echo of the war whoop by night will rob a man of twenty years of his life, and he may bid farewell to his youth forever after," said Gen. Custer just before entering on his campaign on the Rosebud River.

A LAW QUESTION.—A traveler on an Indiana railroad stepped off a car while it was on a drawbridge, and was killed by falling through. His widow sued an accidental insurance company, from which he had procured a policy. The Court holds that the insurers are not liable, because the policy stipulated that the insured should not voluntarily expose himself to dangers, and that he had no excuse for stepping from the car at the time he did. The policy is therefore valueless.

REVERSING IT.—A young missionary visiting Thibet for the first time recently, expressed his horror at finding the practices of Mormonism reversed under the protection of the king of Cashmere. The law allows women several living husbands, and a lad gave the names of five men when asked who his father was.

The Extravagant Californian.

San Francisco is rapidly forsaking the "dandy rig" of the gambler, and assuming the sober garb of commercial propriety. Stocks have gone "all endways." The old times when fortunes were made and lost in a day, when a man might go to bed a pauper and wake up a millionaire, or wake a millionaire and go to bed a pauper, have vanished. Nor is it probable that they will ever return. Those were times! Refer to them in the presence of any one who knew them in their golden prime and mark how his eyes will glisten. How eagerly will he launch forth upon a sea of anecdote! how he will revel in the train of recollections thus induced!

"Dog-gone if I know the place!" said an old fellow to me when I was last there. "Ye never see a shot fired from year's end to year's end now. No, sir. Why, it isn't often ye even hear a champagne cork drawn. Stead of the chink of gold, ye never hear anything but the scratch of pens. All the boys are gone, and there's only store clerks and society men—bummers we call 'em—t'associate with. You never saw such a change in all your life. I'll be dog if the women's half as pretty as they were. 'Taint no sort of a place to what it used to be. No, sir."

Nevertheless, to the stranger it will seem that a spirit of princely extravagance still characterizes the inhabitants of the Golden City. With his last ten-dollar-piece the true San Franciscan will dine sumptuously, take a box at the theatre, or drive out to the Cliff House. His last twenty-five cents will be invested in a good cigar. The veriest "dead-beat" who asks you for money in the street would feel insulted by a tender of coppers. The Californian will starve rather than pinch. Fortunately he has only to work to be rich. There is no fight for existence there. No man need jostle his neighbor there. Such being the case, men accept greater risks and experience losses with less concern than is the case in Europe.—*Nineteenth Century.*

Confounds the Experts.

The Boston *Herald* says: A Boston bank sent a quantity of gold to the Sub-Treasury a few days ago, and, on the following morning, a curiously colored five-dollar piece, which had been discovered in the lot, was returned to the bank with the information that it was counterfeit. The clerk who had received the coin was apprised of his error, with an accompanying warning to be more careful in the future. Not relishing this reflection upon his ability, and believing that the piece was genuine, he took it to a number of expert counterfeit detectors, all of whom unhesitatingly pronounced it valueless. Still the clerk's faith in the purity of the coin remained unshaken. The services of a jewelry manufacturer were called in and the piece cut in two. These were subjected to the severest tests, all of which showed the metal to be of standard quality. The clerk, highly elated with this proof of the soundness of his judgment, called at the Sub-Treasury, and, much to the surprise of the experts, detailed his experience with the jeweler. The peculiar color of the coin was said to have been caused by heat, to which it had been at some time subjected.

Simple Facts About Bricks.

The *Carpenters' and Builders' Journal* gives the following facts: An average day's work for a bricklayer is 1,500 bricks on outside and inside walls; on facings and angles and finishing around wood or stone work, not more than half of this number can be laid. To find the number of bricks in a wall first find the number of square feet of surface, and then multiply by 7 for a 4-inch wall, by 14 for an 8-inch wall, by 21 for a 12-inch wall, and by 28 for a 16-inch wall.

For staining bricks red, melt one ounce of glue in one gallon of water; add a piece of alum the size of an egg, then one-half pound of Venetian red, and one pound of Spanish brown. Try the color on the bricks before using, and change light or dark with the red or brown, using a yellow mineral for buff. For coloring black, heat asphaltum to a fluid state, and moderately heat true surface bricks and dip them. Or make a hot mixture of linseed oil and asphalt; heat the bricks and dip them. Tar and asphalt are also used for the same purpose. It is important that the bricks be sufficiently hot, and be held in the mixture to absorb the color to the depth of one-sixteenth of an inch.

A Swiss Idea.

A correspondent from Switzerland writes: "In all the cafes and beer-gardens in Germany may be seen, in the centre of the room, a metal box, placed on a table, which has an opening in the top, into which are thrown the stumps of cigars. These boxes are put there by a benevolent society, with a notice requesting gentlemen to deposit their cigar-ends for the benefit of the poor. Every morning an agent of the society unlocks and empties the casket, and with what result? At Christmas time in the year 1881 seventeen hundred and twenty-six children were clothed by the proceeds of the sale of this tobacco."

THE DIFFERENCE.—In a paper read before the British Medical Association it is stated that delirium tremens is relatively very rare among women, and that alcohol produces fatal effects less rapidly upon them than upon men. These points, said the essayist, were the more remarkable because he had learned that while men were the great consumers of beer, women were the great consumers of spirits. Intelligent publicans had informed him that where they sold one pint of spirits to men, they sold seven to women.

A VERY YOUNG INVENTOR.

His Simple Contrivance for Setting up A Complete Bathing Establishment in Every Dwelling.

Given a room set apart for bathing purposes in every house and provided with water cold and hot and it might seem that a contrivance to enjoy the bath in various ways would be invented. This might be expected more particularly in a climate like this, with its summer heats, making bathing as much a comfort and luxury as it is in the East, and with cold winters begetting bronchial and other troubles for which vapor and medicated baths are used.

True, the number of public establishments for these purposes has increased, but no attempt seems to have been made to improve upon the simple tubes with faucets which were put into private houses after Croton was introduced. A lad of sixteen, belonging to the Cooper Institute in mechanical drawing, has now fashioned a contrivance as ingenious as it is simple, and by means of which one can take at home in an ordinary bath-room Russian or spray or vapor baths, or medicated baths of any kind. This young inventor's apparatus to secure spray or vapor is simply a metal pipe as big as one's finger running along one side of the tub at the top, and perforated with minute holes, arranged to throw the spray upon the bather, the temperature of the water being regulated at will through the hot and cold water faucets.

When hot water is shot through the hundreds of minute holes, vapor either fills the room in a minute, or by means of a rubber cloth is confined to the tub, and the bather, seated, with his head free in the air, subjects his body to the action of the steam. To secure medicated baths, the boy has invented two little cups of peculiar pattern, which can be set upon a shelf and are connected with the metal spray pipe by means of rubber tubes. A tablespoonful of any liquid, from cologne water to corbolic acid, placed in one cup is minutely subdivided and permeates the vapor or spray in a few seconds. Solids like sulphur, or other medical substances, are placed in the other cup, which is of metal, and they are at once dissolved and injected into spray or vapor in like manner.

One apparatus has been manufactured and placed for trial in the French Hospital in this city, where it is being experimented with in the treatment of rheumatism and acute nervous diseases by spray baths permeated with drugs. The same contrivance being attached with rubber tubes to the faucets of a washbowl serves to produce vapor impregnated with chamomile or other herbs for inhalation in cases of bronchial affections. A number of physicians have called to see the young inventor, and all commend the invention, but express surprise that something of the kind was not produced long ago.—*New York Herald.*

An Every Day Battle.

The death of Mr. Amos Ide reminds the Providence *Press* of an early battle in the temperance cause, of which he was a champion. Forty years ago a house was built on a scow and moored to a Pawtucket wharf. "A few of our citizens," says the *Press*, "recollect this ark, but it was not called an ark. It was known as the 'Flotilla,' and was constructed for the purpose of evading the liquor law of Massachusetts by selling rum on the water which the liquor dealers claimed was neutral ground. A blind bar was arranged in the house, and the rum poked through a hole with a sliding-door, the seller of the liquor being out of sight. The bacchanalian scenes in this 'Flotilla' were terrible. Fights were hourly occurrences, and men would stagger from this 'Flotilla' on to the wharf, and there fight and bang themselves until they were unable to stand. These scenes were witnessed by women and children, and crowds would collect to see the poor, wretched drunkards tear each other to pieces. A number of citizens organized into a secret association for the purpose of destroying the 'Flotilla.' Mr. Amos Ide, who was always a staunch temperance man, was one of the party. On a dark night these men disguised themselves, boarded the concern and set it on fire. The fire was hailed with delight by the people, and it made one of the finest displays of fireworks ever witnessed in Pawtucket. From the building arose a flame of variegated colors, and, as the casks of liquors burst, the contents took fire and spread a blaze of fire all over the river. It was a grand illustration of the firery regions, and hallelujahs rose high when the 'Flotilla' was burned to the water's edge. Who the party was that destroyed the floating rumshop was not known for many years, and it is believed that all who took an active part in it, with one or two exceptions, have passed away."

A QUARREL.—The Lutheran and Dutch Reformed congregations of Shillington, Pa., held their services in the same house at different hours, but concluded to consolidate their Sunday schools, the understanding being that the children should become Lutherans or Dutch Reformed, according to the dictates of their own consciences. Charges of proselyting were soon made, and the schools were separated. They are now in the courts with a quarrel over the ownership of the organ, library, and other things.

SANITARY.—It would be difficult to cite a more conclusive piece of evidence as to the value of sanitary improvements than that furnished by the recent reports from the town of Bilston, England. For thirty years the death rate had been between 31 and 32 per thousand; but through the regulations of the Health Board, strictly carried out, and a scientific application of the sewerage system, the death rate has been reduced one-half, being at the present but 16.1 per 1,000.

A Good Chinaman's Little Trick.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* says: A docile and child-like Chinese "boy," about forty years of age, was employed in a Stockton street house as a "chambermaid," or boy, at $4 a week. The lodgers were delighted with his politeness and capacity for making beds and sweeping carpets. He was heap glad to please the ladies and belly quick to do up the work. On the third day he demanded a room, and a good one, and when the landlady demurred he put in a claim for Sunday as a day for "rest and recreation."

"Me heap Chlist man, and me have last day all the same like Melican Chlist man," he said.

"But, Sam, I cannot go to church then," groaned the landlady.

"Belly good; me have Chlist day all same Chlist Melican man," was the stolical response of Ah Sam.

When Saturday came Sam proposed a compromise. He would do his work, but it must all be done by nine o'clock. He was forbidden to disturb the lodgers before ten o'clock, but was on hand at six and began to rap them up, when he raised a storm that aroused the landlady. Sam stood up manfully for his rights as a believer in Sunday as a Chlist day, and was so pertinacious that he was ordered out of the house. He then demanded his pay and was told to come on Monday.

"All lite, you keep my money; me make you heap glad to see Sam," said he, with a diabolical twinkle in his wicked eye.

Soon after he was gone it was discovered that he had carried off the keys to the seventy-two rooms, and has made his word good to make the landlady "heap glad to see Sam," but has not yet gratified her with the sight of him, and she is unable to gain any clew to his whereabouts.

A Snake Household.

Prof. James Bell, the Smithsonian Institute's agent, is a source of frequent and startling surprises to the natives. The average rural Floridian is not much afraid of snakes encountered in the wild freedom of the woods, where, if the reptile will not run, the man can; but the professor keeps his snakes in the room and about the yard, in boxes and crates, in a manner at once careless, familiar and appalling.

A countryman called upon Prof. Bell lately, and was a good deal discomposed upon entering the room at seeing a huge rattlesnake throw himself from a sofa pillow which, apparently for his benefit, had been flung upon a chair, fall with a loud slap upon the floor, glide into a corner, coil himself up again, and, waving his head to and fro, begin that uncanny buzz of the tail dreaded of woodsmen, while the room became pervaded with the heavy perfume of the reptile's musk.

"Great jeeswax!" exclaimed the astonished visitor.

"Come in, ——; sit down," cried the cordial snake herder, handing his visitor the chair just vacated by the rattlesnake. "Don't mind him; he's not used to strangers, that's all."

Then, addressing the still angry snake, he cried out in tones of indignant remonstrance. "You! suh! hush that fuss!" The reptile hushed, but he kept his weather eye on the stranger, and every time the uneasy visitor moved the snake gave a warning buzz with his tail. But the visit did not last long.—*Florida Times.*

A Fable.

A Cat which had just settled herself between the sheets for a nap was aroused one night by howls and yeowls on the roof of a shed near by.

"For the land's sake! but what is that!" she exclaimed, as she rose up on end. The howls continuing, she got out of bed, raised the window, and called out:

"In the name of mercy, what is wanted and who are you?"

"I am a Free Citizen," was the reply.

"But why those howls?"

"I'm singing. Fact is, I'm serenading you."

"But I don't want it. Go away or I'll injure you for life!"

But the Man refused to move a foot. Hairbrushes, bootjacks, water pitchers and bedsteads were heaved at him in quick succession, but he dodged each missile, and continued to sing until the Cat cut her throat in desperation.

MORAL:

Turn about is fair play, and the chance is sure to come.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A VOW.—Sixteen years ago, when Hester Clymer was defeated as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, Dr. Jacob H. Schentz, of Pottstown, made a vow that he would not chew any more tobacco until the Democrats succeeded in electing their candidate. It was a good resolve, and bravely has he kept it. But last Wednesday the good doctor went to a tobacco store and bought the weed by the pound and had it cut up into plugs. Since then he seems to be trying to make up for lost time.

A SUM IN ARITHMETIC.—The Toronto *Globe* says that one of the questions put to the candidates at a recent examination for the civil service held in that city was: "A man left $30,000 by his will, the sum to be divided between two sons, one of whom was to receive $1,000 more than the other." The question was "too hard" for the applicants. Every one of them answered that the one son was to receive $11,000 and the other $9,000.

A LABOR TOWN.—Pawtucket, R. I., with a population of 20,000, is the largest town under town government in the United States, and its citizens by a majority of ninety-six have refused to accept a city charter.

WIT AND WISDOM.

IT OUGHT to be a cold day when summer gets left.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

TO REMOVE a fool is simply lost labor; therefore do not sit down and scold yourself.

"WHAT'S in a name?" Bright child—"I know what they call 'em, mamma, when there's three twins." Mamma—"What, Katy?" B. C.—"Offlets."

MISS. LANGTRY never saw a fire in her life until the Park Theatre burned. If she stays in this country a year she will want to "run wid de machine."

AN old bachelor says: "It is all nonsense to pretend that love is blind. I never yet knew a man in love that did not see ten times as much in his sweet heart as I could."

TIM postmaster of Bathurst, N. B., has the following notice posted up in his office: "All persons having no business in this office will please transact it as soon as possible and leave."

SAID a loving wife to her husband: "Do you know, dear, that butterfly ornaments are very fashionable?" "Perhaps so," he gruffly replied, "but grub is the great desideratum."

IT IS SAID the Secretary of the Treasury will soon make a call for the extended fives. We hope the Secretary will not be unlucky enough to call for the extended fives of Mr. J. Sullivan, of Boston.

A SCIENTIST asserts that all babies are deaf for sometime after their birth. This is mighty lucky for the babies, as they don't hear the miserable gush that is uttered about them, so says an old bachelor.

A LADY says it takes many men a whole lifetime to learn to take a $10 bill down town without breaking it. She forgot to add that it takes many a woman a whole lifetime to learn to take a man down town without breaking him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE first day Artemus Ward entered Toledo, travel-worn and seedy, he said to an editor who was on the street: "Mister, where could I get a good dinner for two shillings?" He was told; and then he inquired, "I say, mister, where could I get the two shillings?"

JOKES about the poverty of newspaper men have been laid on the shelf. They are not funny any more, because people have found out that they are not true. Look at James Gordon Bennett and Jay Gould and Robert Bonner and—and the rest of us.—*Philadelphia News.*

AT the anglers' tournament in New York recently, it was shown that Mr. Pritchard can cast a fly further than any young man in America. If Mr. Pritchard will agree to cast all the flies into the middle of the Atlantic, he can hear something to his advantage by calling around at the beginning of dog-days next summer.

LITTLE Eddie T. was sick of gastric fever, peevish and fretful, but he seemed to want the idea to prevail that it wasn't much trouble to attend him. His mamma, while bathing his brow, soothingly remarked: "What is home without a mother?" The young rascal immediately snapped out: "Well, what would mother be without a home?"

THE other day we remarked that a certain paper was going to try to be respectable. The paper got mad, for some reason, at the observation and has snarled at us like a cross cat in a barrel. We are disposed to accommodate, and therefore withdraw the remark and state that the paper aforesaid is not going to try to be respectable.—*Somerville Journal.*

AS OLD farmer came into the sanctum this morning and stated that he had tried all sorts of reapers, but had never found one to suit him. He had heard, he said, of a reaper called "Death," and he believed he would buy one if we could inform him where and by whom they were manufactured. When we told him that particular kind was made no mower, he breathed a scythe, then left.—*Rochester Post.*

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE OF THE FUTURE.—"You say you will give me $10 a week to do your housework. Have you a wife?" "Yes." "Any children?" "No." "Will you let me have my gentlemen company in the parlor?" "Certainly." "And make me lots of nice presents?" "Oh, yes." "And will you marry me when your wife dies?" "I can't promise you that." "Then, I won't come, you stuck-up old curmudgeon."

"WIDDER JENKINS," said an Ohio farmer, as he bustled into her house one morning, "I am a man of business. I'm worth $10,000, and want you for a wife. I give you three minutes in which to answer." "I don't want ten seconds, old man!" she replied as she shook out the dish-cloth; "I'm a woman of business, worth $16,000, and wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth! I give you a minute and a half to git!" He got.—*Wall Street News.*

AN IOWA paper has supplied a long-felt want by giving to the public an obituary notice that bears upon its face the stamp of honesty. It says: "He gained his riches by loaning money and handling notes and mortgages, had a State-wide name for his litigation in various counties and in the Supreme Courts, was grasping and heartless in his transactions, became divorced from his wife, and died without a friend."

AT A RECENT fashionable wedding, after the departure of the happy pair, a dear little girl, whose papa and mamma were among the guests, asked, with a child's innocent inquisitiveness: "Why do they throw things at the pretty lady in the carriage?" "For luck, dear," replied one of the bridesmaids. "And why," again asked the child, "doesn't she throw them back?" "Oh," said the young lady, "that would be rude." "No, it wouldn't," persisted the dear little thing, to the delight of her doting parents who stood by, "ma does."

MEREDITH MATTERS.

A. Files has gone home.

G. F. Sanborn is now in New York city.

Mrs. Nellie Martin, of Bridgewater, has been here.

J. W. Beede and wife have been to New York city.

Mrs. T. B. Worrall has been stopping in Lake Village.

G. S. Clough, of Manchester, has been here for a short time.

H. F. Norris, of Concord, was here the other day.

C.H. Corliss is working in Rand's blacksmith shop.

Stephen Howe is building a wood shed.

Grand Thanksgiving ball at the Town Hall Wednesday evening next.

E. W. Thayer and family have been to Franconia.

W. E. S. Foss has been canvassing Concord for the Twist Drill Company.

Sam Hodgson has bought Patch-en Morgan.

Rev. Mr. Annis, a Tilton student, preached at the North church, Sunday, the 19th.

Sam Hodgson and R. F. Dow have gone to Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. Mead Boynton were serenaded by a drum corps and others Tuesday night.

Wadleigh's steam mill was shut down several days recently by broken crank boxes.

W. H. Hurst has located permanently in Cairo, Michigan.

F. P. Carey, Will Tuttle and H. F. Norris, with a party from Concord, caught three coons the other night in New Hampton.

A deer has lately been in this vicinity and although shot at, escaped unharmed.

Beware of the temptation to skate on thin ice.

Messrs. Laverly and Kinney lately chopped five cords of wood one day after 8 o'clock a. m.

Charles Colby is about once more.

J. L. Chase has a sore finger caused by a can opener.

F. B. Wiggin is at work in the Nims office.

The Elm House is not yet sold, reports to the contrary.

Miss Addie Burleigh will soon be in her old place as operator.

William Cate has bought a new horse.

Mrs. Howard Prescott's funeral occurred at the residence of her father, S. D. Pease, on Sunday, the 16th.

A fruit evaporator is talked of here.

The public library was opened for the first time Wednesday; all parties having books taken out previous so that time are requested to return them.

Francis Palmer has returned from Colorado and vicinity, having been absent since spring. He has been offered a position as engineer on a railroad there and will soon return.

Certain smoke near Prospect Hill steal hay; they had better beware.

Israel Plummer and son are in Canada.

We shall be well represented at New Hampton winter term.

Mr. Dine is to occupy the Ansel Sanborn place. He is drawing wood to the bay shore for George Mallard of Laconia.

John Glidden has a new horse.

E. W. Smith has moved into George Corliss' house.

Fred Batchelder was lately thrown down on the ice by his skate cutting through.

The winter term of school opened Monday after a three weeks' vacation. There are over 130 pupils. Miss Mamie Cram is succeeded by Miss Carrie Kelsey, of Centre Harbor. Otherwise the teachers are the same.

The Twist Drill company are now running by steam and about every thing that depends upon water power is shut down because the present small amount of water is run through Hodgson's mill.

The Selectmen appointed George G. Hoyt, A. S. Clough, E. B. Plummer, E. G. Robinson and George F. Sanborn Trustees of the Public Library. At a meeting of the trustees recently they voted to adopt the By Laws of Lacoma Library, slightly revised with dates of opening changed to Wednesdays from 1 o'clock to 4 P. M.; Saturdays from 1 o'clock to 6 P. M. Sundays from 12m. to 1 P. M. All person 14 years old and upward, resident the use of the Library on subscribing to the following agreement, subscribing for minors their parents or guardians: "I here by certify that I am a resident in the town of Meredith, and in consideration of the right to use the Public Library, agree to comply with the regulations that are, or may be hereafter provided for its government." Only one book may be taken and kept two weeks; books to be returned must be delived to the Librarian. Should a book be kept over two weeks the holder should be notified by the Librarian to return the same, and shall pay a fine of two cents per day for the time detained. If at the expiration of three weeks said books shall not be returned the Librarian shall send a messenger for the same, who shall collect a fine of twenty-five cents for its detention, and all privileges of the Library shall be forfeited until such fine is paid. No pen or pencil marks shall be in books or leaves turned down. Persons taking books shall be strictly held responsible for their loss or injury, and when a set is broken by a loss of one the responsibility shall extend to the whole set. All cards must be presented when returning a book. No book selected except from number on cards, and books are not exchanged the same day they are taken. Loud talk and unnecessary noise in the Library Room is prohibited.

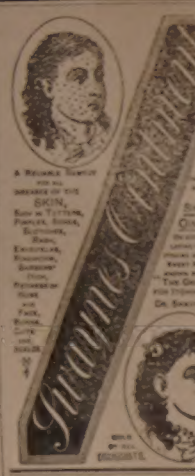
Kossuth arrived in the United State in 1851.

E. H. Kenison, Auctioneer. P. O. Address, West Campton, N. H. Terms Reasonable. june10-[illegible]-30*

Sir John Franklin was last seen in 1845.

A GOOD OFFER.

The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company has just issued an illustrated treatise, "The Heart of the Continent," describing the wonderful growth of the Six Great States. The book is beautifully printed, and numerous engravings of high merit adorn its pages. Any one sending their name and address with two three-cent postage stamps will receive a copy by return mail, by applying to PERCEVAL LOWELL, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Illinois. jeas10oct28



ASHLAND ALLEGATIONS.

Walter Draper and wife have returned from Lynn.

The Free Will Baptist church has been painted by Rowe.

Put on your double windows.

Eugene Patten has gone to Littleton.

Cotton has put up a new fence around the common near his house.

The new meat market has opened and is ready for business.

J. P. Draper & Co. have shut down. The water is low in Squam lake.

Mrs. Ruth Dow is stopping at Meredith now.

James F. Hacking has moved into his new house.

Willis Howe of this place died Wednesday morning of stoppage of the bowels after an illness of only a few days. He leaves a wife.

Mrs. Anna P. Brown, of New Hampton, fell down the cellar stairs at her house Wednesday, bruising and laming her badly. Fortunately no bones were broken.

Mrs. L. B. Hall gave one of her popular readings under the auspices of the G. A. R., Friday evening.

Master George Ellis, aged 10 years old, of New Hampton, cheats them all tramping. He has caught a fox, coon, and seven skunks and did it all himself, set his traps and all.

George W. Ellis is soon to start for Kansas.

Anna Deane has been shingling her house.

Miss Axie Ferrin was the recipient of an elegant, easy, rocking chair and silver card receiver last Saturday, from the employees of J. F. Draper & Co.'s glove shop, as a token of esteem. The presentation was made by Rev. D. M. Leavitt, and she responded with words suitable to the occasion. It was an entire surprise to her.

Ed Evans has moved into Mrs. J. M. Smith's house.

Hall's orchestra plays for a grand balls at Meredith Thanksgiving eve.

Hall's orchestra is engaged for a ball at Metcalf's hall, North Haverhill, on Thanksgiving night.

Hall's orchestra opened a dancing school in Warren, Nov. 21st; also have made arrangement for a school in Haverhill, Nov. 28. He is soon to open a school here where that held before, and solicits public patronage. He is so prompt and efficient. Mailed on receipt of price (in postage stamps) 25 cents, or five boxes for $1. Address Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask your drug ist for them. [illegible] ly jan25

"TREASURY OF SONG."

It is seldom that we can commend a book so strongly as that named above, "TREASURY OF SONG," is indeed a treasure. It contains nearly 300 choice selections of songs from the various departments, sacred, classical, humorous. These extend over 500 royal octavo pages, well printed on superior paper, and giving the instrumental accompaniments wherever necessary.

Myron W. Whitney, the great American Basso, styles the publishers "Benefactors to the musical masses." "If generally introduced, musical homes you will deprive vocalists of their best excuse for not singing on invitation, since the assertion, 'I have no music with me,' will have no force in the presence of "TREASURY OF SONG." The Kansas City Journal says: "There is not a song in the entire collection that could be omitted without detracting from the completeness of the book." The Rev. E. B. Hall, of New York City, says: "It is impossible, I think, to make a better." Professor Hugh A. Clark, of the University of Pennsylvania declares, "I am glad to bear my testimony to the excellence and variety of the selections it contains." Prof. Clark is one of the highest authorities in music.

A series of sketches, and portraits of authors, musicians and singers is included in the book, making in all about 350 pages. The binding is beautiful and in every respect the work is superb. It has been published by Hubbard Brothers, of Boston, Mass. jeas1t

Selkirk was exiled in 1704.

LECTURES ON EVOLUTION, By Prof. T. H. Huxley. (Illustrated.) Price 15 cents. J. Fitzgerald & Co., Publishers, 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

This valuable work forms number 36 of the "Homebodit Library," a collection of works by the most eminent scientists of our time, such as Huxley, Spencer, Tyndall, Proctor, etc. They are printed from clear type, on good paper. The enterprise of bringing the best popular scientific literature within the reach of all is one that merits, and doubtless will recieve, the hearty support of every one interested in the diffusion of useful knowledge. It is to be hoped that instructive volumes like these, in which the charms of literary style serve to render attractive the teachings of science, will in time have the effect of banishing from our homes the demoralizing trash which passes current as "Literature." For sale at the usual places. jeas1t

Farragut was made Admiral in 1866.

AMAZING OFFERS.

The Farmers' Magazine (35 cents) and the American Agriculturist, ($1.50) both for $1.50. Orange Judd & Co., New York and the Farm & Garden, (50 cts.) of Philadelphia, will all three be sent to any address, one year, for $1.60. The American Agriculturist and The Farmers' Magazine will both be sent one year, to any address, for $1.35. The Farmers' Magazine and a 100 page Horse Book, for 60 cents. The Farmers' Magazine and 1,000 Facts, (a valuable book of information), both for 45 cents. These offers are made because we want every body to try The Farmers' Magazine, a monthly of 16 large 4 column pages, filled with the most valuable information in regard to Agriculture, Flowers, Fruit, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Bees, Fruit, Garden, Household, etc., published at the insignificant sum of 35 cents per year. Liberal premiums to those who will raise clubs. Sample copies free.

Address, POTTS BROTHERS,
PARKESBURG, CHESTER Co. Pa.

A cutsit is 22 inches nearly.

The Peerless, for singing classes, institutes, academies and schools, by W. O. Perkins. Published by Oliver Ditson and Co., Boston. Price, 75cts. Long success as a compiler of Singing School books does not tend to make modest books valuable. This collection is so prompt and efficient. Mailed on receipt of price (in postage stamps) 25 cents, or five boxes for $1. Address Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask your drug ist for them. jeas 1y jan25

BRIDGEWATER.

Owing to the high price of meal folks are slaughtering their hogs earlier than usual. P. B. Smith dressed one this week that weighed 505 lbs. Who beats that?

Mark Chase, who has worked for P. B. Smith(except about six weeks) for over four years, has been unable to work for about a month. The last fortnight he has been visiting and returned this week. His hand had a sore on it and he could not labor. It is very much better, and he hopes it will soon be well.

Mrs. S. F. Hammond has been under the care of a physician but is better so she is doing her work. Mrs. Herman R. Brown has returned from Lowell where she has been visiting.

Horace Sanborn has been unable to work for several days, owing to rheumatism. P.

1883. ARTHUR'S 1883.

Home Magazine.

ANOTHER MOVE FORWARD!

The increasing popularity of the HOME MAGAZINE is seen in its rapidly growing subscription list, which is now larger, with a single exception, than that of any other literary monthly magazine in Philadelphia.

Exceptionally attractive as have been the numbers of 1882, we shall make the issue for the coming year still more so.

Identified with the people in all their home interests and social relations, the HOME MAGAZINE has been, and will continue to be, just what its name implies. Its pages are always kept free from everything that can deprave the taste or lower the moral sentiment.

How well the editor and publishers have succeeded in their efforts to give a magazine of the highest moral tone, yet replete with interest for nearly all classes of readers, the general voice of the press from the warm words of satisfaction and approval that are received from subscribers all over the land bear ample witness.

We could fill pages with extracts from letters and notices, but can make room for only a few.

WHAT SUBSCRIBERS SAY:

"I have read it for fifteen years, and hope to read it the rest of my life."

"The day on which the HOME MAGAZINE comes is hailed every month with joy, not only by myself, but the whole family. It is pure and ennobling always appealing to our better selves, and filling us to higher and purer things."

"It certainly stands in the front rank in regard to purity of tone and high aim in advancing the true happiness of home life."

"Have taken it five years, and feel like saying 'God bless you' for one book that we can feel safe in recommending to every one."

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS:

"It is one of the best periodicals in existence, and well worthy a place at every fireside."—Star, Baldwin, Mich.

"Its literature is of such a soul-refining tendency, that no family should be without its influence."—Vidette, Augusta, Ark.

"Each number of this excellent magazine grows better and better. It makes a steady improvement year by year."—Times, Parkersburg, Pa.

"Has pre-eminently a 'Home Magazine,' and is calculated to greatly benefit every home into which it comes."—Age, Strathroy, Ont., Canada.

"Arthur's Home Magazine is one of our most valued monthlies. It is always received with delight in our sanctum and home."—Tribune, Selinsgrove, Pa.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION FOR 1883.

1 copy, one year,	$1 50
2 copies, " "	2 75
3 " "	3 90
4 " "	5 00

8 copies and one to club getter, - $12.00

☞ New subscribers for 1883 will receive, free, the November and December numbers of this year. Specimen numbers, 10 cents.

☞ From four to eight pages of Butterick's fashion illustrations, with prices of patterns, are given in each number.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON.
227 S SIXTH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
jeas1t

The first overland mail was run in 1858.

Popular Science Monthly conducted by E. L. and W. J. Youmans. Published by D. Appleton and Co., 1, 3, & 5 Bond street, New York. Contents for December. Mr. Golding Smith on "Data of Ethics." By W D. Le Sueur. B. A. Time-keeping in London. I. By E. A. Ehgles. (Illustrated.) The Relations of the Natural Sciences. by T. Sterry Hunt, F. R. S. Brain-weight and Brain-power by J. P. H. Bolleau, M. D. the Call-state by Professor Perlin. American and Foreign Asphalts, by E. J. Hallock, Ph. D. Speculative Zoology I. by A. L. Child, M. D. Science in Relation to the arts. II. by C. W. Siemens, F. R. S. Musical Sensations. by M. Hericourt. Is Fiji gal's Cave Artificial? by F.Cope Whitehouse, M. A. etc (illustrated.) The Spectroscope and the Weather. by C. Piazzi. Smyth. Criminality in Animals by A. Lacassagne. Sketch of Matthias Jacob Schleiden. (With Portrait.) Entertaining Variety. Editor's Table: Spencer's Impressions of America. Principle in Small Things. Literary Notices; Popular Miselany; Notes

A talent of gold was $26,448.

Wanted to hire a horse and carriage for the keeping. C. H. Kimball, Plymouth, N. H.
jeatfnov23

The Civil Rights bill was passed in 1866.

A RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to one of the largest, ablest, and most popular religious newspapers published—one that secures the best writers in this country and Europe, regardless of expense; has the best and fullest book reviews of any paper in the country; has able articles upon financial and commercial subjects; has departments edited by specialists and devoted to Fine Arts, Music, Science, Religious Intelligence, Missions, School and College, News of the week, Hymn Notes, the Sunday school, Legal and Sanitary questions, Biblical Research (something that cannot be found in any other newspaper in the United States,) Farm and Garden, Insurance, Weekly Market Reports, etc.— in fact, a newspaper which, with its twenty-two distinct departments, is suited to the requirements of a family, containing a fund of information which cannot be had in any other shape, and having a wide circulation all over the country and in Europe. We refer to THE INDEPENDENT, of New York, now called "The largest, the ablest, the best." See advertisement in another column, and send a postal card for free specimen copy.

The treaty of the Triple Alliance occurred in 1558.

Subscribers to Dr. Foote's Health Monthly are offered unusually liberal premiums for the coming year. There is a long list of Scientific Works, two of which are sent with The Health Monthly one year for fifty cents, and to the list of $1 premiums are included an elegant Dictionary of Shakespeare and the American Standard Dictionary, books that have retailed largely at $3 per copy. The illustrated premium list and a sample copy of the paper are forwarded free by the publishers, the Murray Hill Publishing Co., 129 East Twenty-eighth St., New York City.

MARRIED.

In Plymouth, Nov. 18, 1882, by Rev. Q. H. Shinn, Mr. Ralph Arms, Jr., and Miss Amie Consuelo Hanscom, both of Plymouth.

At Somerville, Mass, Oct 25th, by Rev. Charles A. Skinner, Clinton B. Simpson, Esq. of West Ramsey, to Miss Augusta L. Valentine, of Harlem, N. Y.

DIED.

In Thornton, Nov. 14, Cora Kendrick, aged 17 years.

THE INDEPENDENT.

THE INDEPENDENT needs only to be better known to add to its already large list of friends. It has been published for thirty-five years and has acquired a world wide reputation as the best religious and literary newspaper.

THE INDEPENDENT is not denominational. Its creed and field are broader than any sect. As a Christian Journal its aim is to strengthen and extend Evangelical religion and to defend it against the attacks of Materialism, Atheism, and unbelief. It is free to approve or criticise in any of the denominations whatever it believes is destined to advance or hinder the progress of the Gospel of Christ.

In civil and political affairs THE INDEPENDENT will contend for sound ideas and principles. It fought against slavery and the iniquitous system of the Oneida Community. It is now fighting against Mormonism. It believes in the reform of the civil service and tariff, in the purification of politics and in cheaper postage, and will maintain those principles which the highest ethics and best intelligence requires.

THE INDEPENDENT is designed to suit all tastes and wants. We provide weekly stories by the best magazine writers, poems by the leading poets of America and England (we first published in America Tennyson's last poem), and for others, who look especially for instruction, whether in religious, literary, educational, philosophical, or scientific articles, we furnish what no other periodical does with the can. We pay large prices to obtain the most eminent writers. Besides the editorials, there are twenty-two distinct departments, edited by twenty two specialists, which include Biblical Research, Sanitary, Legal, fine arts, Music, Science, Pebbles, Personalities Ministerial Register, Hymn Notes, School and College, Literature, Religious Intelligence, Missions, Sunday school, news of the week, Finance, Commerce, Insurance, Stories, Puzzles, Letters, Sections, and Agriculture.

32 Pages in all.

We will report in full Rev. Joseph Cook's celebrated Boston Monday Lectures, which will begin in January. Mr. Cook has just returned from a two years' trip round the world, and his lectures this winter will attract greater attention than ever.

OUR NEW TERMS FOR 1883.

One subscription one year,	$3 00
For 6 mos., $1.50; for 3 mos.,	0 75
One subscription, two years,	5 00
One subscription, five years,	10 00

These reduced prices ($2 per annum in clubs of five or more) are very much lower than any of the standard religious weeklies.

"TRIAL TRIP."

In order that one may read a few consecutive numbers of THE INDEPENDENT, and thus learn its value, we offer a month's subscription, as a "Trial Trip," for 30 cents, which can be remitted by postage stamps Payment of $2.70 in addition will secure the balance of a year's subscription.

Send postal card for free specimen copy and judge for yourself. Ad dress

THE INDEPENDENT,
251 Broadway, New York.

A finger's breadth is equal to 1 inch.

White River, W.T., Oct. 21, 1881.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.—Gentleman: My wife suffered for over twenty years with rheumatism in her hips and legs. On reading your almanac she positively believed that your Sarsaparilla would cure her. She has taken four bottles and is now as well as ever she was in her life. I feel it my duty to send you my sincere thanks. C. ENGRLORN.
jeas1t

The Geneva Tribunal convened in 1871.

A Seasonable Publication.

The Fall number of Ehrichs' Fashion Quarterly will be found particularly useful to all ladies who contemplate that most delightful of feminine occupations—shopping. Within the compass of its one hundred and twenty pages, it contains a compendium of the whole art and mystery of retail purchasing, giving descriptions of the latest styles in every department, with a complete list of prices, and a really bewildering array of illustrations; aided by this useful publication, a lady can plan out her shopping for the season, with an absolute certainty that no money item will be overlooked, and that every dollar will be made to do its work equally useful. In either case it shows her just what styles are fashionable, as well as which is most economical; and, studying its pages, a lady can adapt her expenditure to her means, and avoid the vexation of finding, too late, that, ans writing extravagance in one direction entails inconvenient economy in another.

The FASHION QUARTERLY is published by Ehrich Bros., Eighth Avenue, New York, at 50 cents a year, or 15 cents a copy. It is amply worth its price.

jeas1t

Cook wanted by L. box 249.

A Rare Chance for a Young or Middle Aged Man.

I want a man of integrity and fair ability to travel with me this winter and take an interest in my business which pays well in every place. I want this man to act as treasurer and see to outside business. He may receive every dollar taken which averages from fifty to seventy-five dollars a day, all cash. For a guarantee that he will faithfully perform his duties he must invest two hundred and fifty dollars in the business which will be amply secured to him. For doing this he shall receive one half the profits, and I guarantee that his share shall not be less than from forty to fifty dollars every week, until next May. If is not satisfied the man may take his money and leave after a trial of two weeks. This is the best chance for the money invested ever offered, as the business is sure and one in which I have had many years experience. For full particulars call Monday, Tuesday Wednesday, on A. B. Morrison' Sanborn's Hotel, West Campton, N. H.
jeas2t nov24

A Sabbath day's journey was about 2-3 an English mile.

BETTER THAN EVER.

The beautiful book Golden Thoughts on MOT ER, HOME and HEAVEN is revised and enlarged and made more beautiful, by new type, new illustrations, and the addition of 34 new authors; a grand total of 400 Gems of the language in Prose and Poetry, comprising the grandest thoughts and utterances, from the best and wisest minds, upon the Three Dearest Names to mortals given. There is no condition of life it will not improve, no state of soul it will not cheer and comfort. A beautiful monument to the power and dignity of MOTHERHOOD, a voice for the peace and sanctity of HOME, and a whispering in loving accents of HEAVEN and its glories. It is a splendid book every way, and worthy of a place in every home. Price $2.75. AGENTS ARE WANTED to introduce it. E. B. Treat, Publisher, 757 Broadway, New York. jeas1t

The Pacific telegraph was opened in 1861.

The sum of 25 cts. cash, or more, will be paid to any person in any town for each account of fire, accident or other imporiant item that concerns life or property, if sent immediately by mail, telephone or telegraph. (The former preferable when ever possible because cheaper) to Box 249, Plymouth, N. H.
jeatfnov23

DORCHESTER.

Three farms sold near the new church since October 17.

HEBRON.

It looks some like winter, but we need some more rain. We have had the first snow for the season.

Mrs. Julia Beals of Natick, Mass., is visiting her father, P. Russel. She has not been here for 20 years.

Mason & Berry, of Bristol, are going to get the poplar wood on the Cilley place and raft it down the lake.

The George boys have sold 150 barrels of apples this fall.

John W. Sanborn is getting in to the lake a raft of railroad ties.

George Barnard raised 300 bushels of potatoes this years. M.

GEOLOGICAL SKETCHES. By Archibald Geikie. Price 15 cents. J. Fitzgerald & Co., Publishers, 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

This work forms No. 38 of the Humboldt Library of Popular Science Literature, and is one of the most instructive volumes in that valuable series. Its author is Director-General of the Government Survey of Great Britain, and the charming essays here published contain the results of his vacation rambles in both hemispheres, from the Rocy Mountains to the Rhine, wherever any field of special interest presents itself to the geologist. The work is a practical demonstration of how scientific knowledge, when, mated with literary tact, can invest the dry facts of natural science with the highest degree of interest for the general reader. For sale at the usual places. jeas1t

Brazil abolished slavery in 1871.

A POPULAR JOURNAL.

We are in receipt of the "MECHANICAL NEWS" for November 1st, published by James Leffel & Co., No 110 Liberty Street, New York, and take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the same.

With the present number the publishers send out a supplement in the shape of an illustrated Premium List, that reflects credit in the selection of the articles offered and the typographical appearance of the List. Upon application to the publishers, this Premium List will be sent free to any address, and from its pages useful articles may be secured with or, without the paper, at a reasonable price, and with the certainty of fair treatment, as the subscriber or purchaser will be dealing with an old and reliable business firm. The List will be found very useful to those who live remote from the large cities, for the selection of holiday presents.

The "News" is among the best papers that come to our editorial table, filled as it is with original and choice illustrations of the important and novel inventions of the times. Its editorial pages are replete with well considered articles on practical subjects, readily understood by any reader; while its comprehensive news melange makes it attractive to those interested in the industrial prosperity of our country—the whole forming a rich store of useful reading. The "News" is published at one dollar per year, including a useful premium. jeas1t

An ephah, or bath, contained 7 gallons, and 4 pints.

The North American Review for December commands attention no less by the eminence of its contributors than by the value and timeliness of its table of contents. First, their symposium on "The Health of American Women", regarded from three distinct points of view: Dr. Dio Lewis conciders the question as it is affected by the prevailing style of feminine attire, especially by the practice of tight lace [illegible] Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton points out the many injurious influences of social environment; and Dr. James Read Chadwick sets forth the effects of education, climate and food, and finally discusses the question whether the modification produce in the European human type by transfer to American lessens the fertility of women

Gov. Buren R. Sherman, of Iowa, writes of the Constitutional Prohibition of the liquor traffic in that State, and maintains that the measure is in entire accordance with the traditions of the original settlers, and approved by men of all political parties and all nationalities

General Grant, in an article entitled "An Undeserved Stigma", states the facts of Gen. Fitz John Porter's case, and argues that the sentence of the court martial that cashiered him was based on a misconception of the essential circumstances. Richrad A. Proctor writes of "The Influence of Food on Civilization", discussing with much learning and force some of the most interesting sociological problems of the present day and of the near future. Prof. Fisher, of Yale College, defining the causes of "The Decline of Clerical Authority", holds that this decline, which affects the status of church and minister only as a part or function of the secular State, is by no means to be regretted, and that the spiritual influence of the church and its ministry is to-day greater than of old. Finally, there is a symposium upon the conditions of "Success on the Stage", the contributors being six of our most prominent actors—John McCullough, Joseph Jefferson, Madame Modjeska, Larrence Barret, Maggie Mitchell, and William Warren.

jeas1t

Stars and Stripes were adopted in 1777.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR DECEMBER, 1882.

CONTENTS.

Two on a Tower. XXXVIII.–XLI. Thomas Hardy. Art and Wealth. O. B. Frothingham. Studies in the South. X. Œdipus. Agnes Patou. Hamlet in Paris. Theodore Child. The House of a Merchant Prince. XXIII.–XXV. William Henry Bishop. An afternoon in Holland. Sarah Orne Jewett. Persian Dualism. Elizabeth Robins. Our Dark Age in Music. John S. Dwight. The Ancestral Footsteps: Outlines of an English Romance. Nathaniel Hawthorne. Lydia Maria Child. Gosse's Study of Gray. Illustrated Books. The Contributors' Club. Books of the Month.

jeas1t

The peace of Villafranca was declared in 1858.

The American Publishing Company of Hartford, Ct., (see new advertisement in another column) have in press and will soon issue a new book entitled "Miss Richard's Boy" from the pen of the popular author of Josiah Allen's wife, who has heretofore so pleased the public with her spicy books "My Opinions and Betsey Bobbet's," "Samantha at the Centennial," and "My Wayward Pardner," over which many a hearty laugh has been had. This new volume differs in many respects from her previous works, and promises to surpass them all. It will contain a fine portrait of the author, which will satisfy the curiosity of many who have often wished to know just how Josiah Allen's wife looks. The book will be sold only by subscription, and agents are wanted in every township.

Here is a rare chance for some of our wide awake lady and gentleman readers to take hold of a paying book. It will be just the thing for the Holidays. jeas1te

The Burr and Hamilton duel occurred in 1804.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry cure coughs, colds, bronchitis, whooping cough, croup, influenza, consumptions and all diseases of the throat, lungs and chest. 50c and $1 a bottle. je-ly-mar1

THE ADVANTAGES OF ADVERTISING

IN THE

GRAFTON COUNTY JOURNAL,

PLYMOUTH, N. H.

A specialty is made of local news, having about 600 correspondents in as many different towns, most of whom furnish weekly what occur happens in their respective localities, so as to make complete news items from all parts of every town therein, from one to twenty-five miles distant. Other towns, some or more remote from this place, while many are sent in single wrappers to a large number of the different States and Territories. Papers are sent to nearly fifty different Post-offices, and through the efforts of our agents are constantly increasing. It has the largest circulation of the county, and is known, having nearly 10,000 inhabitants, with a voting list of 2,000 men. Being situated in the lower part of the county, there is a good circulation in that of Belknap, which contains a population of nearly 25,000, and has a valuation of over $6,000,000. There is also a limited number of subscribers in nearly all the towns in the State. Plymouth contains the Court House, the State Normal School, Silver Ash Hatching House, offices of the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad, Land Branches, those of the Pemigewasset Valley Railroad, the road, the popular and well-known Pemigewasset House, one of the old Asylums, and various historical mementos of the early history of this region, with other objects of interest, while the rapidly increasing Holderness School for Boys, Episcopal, is but across the river about one-half mile distant. The ancient Episcopal chapel, one of the oldest in the state, is situated on the hill in the midst of its beautiful pine shaded cemetery, and contains the antique tombs of the Livermore family, members of which were once men of Judges and Congressmen in the colonial, revolutionary and early days of the Republic. The graves of numerous soldiers of the late rebellion and other wars are also to be seen, with a beautiful bronze fountain adds attractiveness to the natural features. The quaint town of Campton across northward up the winding valley of the Pemigewasset, and through the mountain scenery into the vast forests and lofty mountains of the Franconia and White Mountain systems, a distance comprising 40 miles or more. A ride by this line through the rocky gorge at Livermore Falls, with its foaming waters, quilted crags, and the wild and romantic Hatchet Mountain below, succeeded by beautiful intervales beyond, until they disappear in the encroaching peaks and forests farther on,—is an experience only not to be overlooked. Plymouth is situated at the gateway to the Franconia and White Mountain range, near the confluence of the Baker's river with the Pemigewasset, and is one of the most picturesque and delightful regions in New England, abounding in points of interest for the tourist. Among these are Livermore Falls, unsurpassed for wild and romantic scenery, and where is located the celebrated Fish Cultural New Hampshire Fish Hatching House. Mount Prospect, with a carriage road to its summit, commands a view 50 miles in extent, including Lake Winnipesaukee, with its 365 islands, and rivaling in many respects that obtained from Lafayette or Mt. Washington. In the White Mountains a c but a short distance beyond. Being located directly on the B. C. & M.R.R. the main line to the lake and mountain region, as well as on the direct line to Montreal, it is annually visited by thousands of tourists who make more or less extended stops at the numerous hotels and boarding houses in this vicinity, and among whom this paper has an extended transient circulation during the summer season. The farming community is generally prosperous, and numerous small and active manufactories may be found located among the small streams of this part of the State. The subscriptions are to a large extent cash, showing that it circulates among a well-to-do population.

Advertising rates made known upon application. Special rates given for a large amount of space, according to the time, position and manner of insertion.

C. H. KIMBALL, Proprietor.

AGENTS! WANTED! AGENTS!

Josiah Allen's Wife,

NEW HOLIDAY BOOK

"MISS RICHARDS' BOY." 20 a day easily sold. We want an agent in every town. Send for circulars, terms, and Agency to AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, or St. Louis. [illegible]

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of the dreadful disease, consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription he used, (free of charge,) with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. Parties wishing the prescription, will please address Rev. E. A. WILSON, 194 Penn St., Williamsburgh, N. Y. 1-2[illegible]

FLOWERS AND PLANTS.

Prepare your **Easter Orders** in season to secure the best. Choice Blooming Roses, Pinks, Violets, Callas, Heliotropes, Primroses, Spirea Daisies, and every other Hothouse Production.

Also in their season a fine assortment of Bedding out Plants and a large stock of Tomatoes and Cabbages.

Orders for Wedding or Funeral decorations attended to in the best manner and shortest notice by mail, telegraph or telephone.

jeas1t GEORGE MAIN,
5 Merrimack St., Concord, N. H.

Music Money.

$57.00 for only $1.00.

The Greatest Offer Ever Made!

Foster's Illustrated Musical Journal contains the latest vocal and instrumental music every month besides musical news, literature, romance, instruction, etc. The amount of music therein during the year would amount to over twenty dollars in sheet form. The music is selected with the aim to supply, alike, the beginner and the proficient with the best music. The Journal is printed on heavy, calendered, tinted paper, with illustrations profusely interspersed. Another feature is the "Answers to Correspondents;" while one of the prominent features is the prize department. Where every subscriber receives a present in music [illegible] READ [illegible] 125 Pieces every piece of which is given away. [illegible] Send 10 cents for specimen copy and [illegible] to make it a lasting offer and to make [illegible] over two [illegible] made for only 1 dollar. This is truly the greatest offer ever made considering the excellency of the Journal and the value of premiums. Subscribe at once and learn particulars of prepayment and, if desired, of getting a clean [illegible] sent for our unequalled terms. If not satisfied after subscribing, money will be returned. Send eight 3 cent stamps to pay postage on premiums, to the STANDARD MUSIC PUBLISHING HOUSE, Geneva, Ohio.

New Hampshire Conference Seminary AND Female College,

TILTON, N. H.

A Chartered College for both Sexes. A Preparatory School for gentlemen. Special Course in Science, Business, Art, Music, and Modern Languages. Large Faculty. Best Modern Methods. Refined Christian Home. Prices Low. Winter Term commences Dec. 6th. For descriptive circular apply to

REV. S. E. QUIMBY, A. M., President.
jeas 3t nov14

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5.	Eggs,	26
6.	Meal,	1 80
7.	Shorts, per 100 lbs.,	1 40
8.	Flour, best St. Louis,	6 50
9.	Beans, baste.,	3 50
10.	Cod fish, per lb.,	7
11.	Potatoes, bush.,	70
12.	Dried apple, per lb.,	05
13.	Prunes,	12
14.	Pork,	14
15.	Maple sugar,	10
16.	Vinegar,	18
17.	Tea,	45 to 65
18.	Coffee, best Java,	30
19.	Soda,	06
20.	St. Johnsbury crackers	12
21.	Kerosene oil, gal.,	15
23.	Chicken, per lb.,	17
23.	Turkey,	15
24.	Old hen,	12 1-2
25.	Honey,	25

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ma26a ASHLAND, N. H.

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Nov. 20, 1882.

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Announces to his friends and the public that he is now prepared to show one of the largest and best selected stocks of

GENTS' FINE READY-MADE

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EVER SHOWN IN CONCORD.

HATS, HATS. All of the new styles and latest novelties may be found here.

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je nov1 1y

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1883. 1883.

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THE SCOPE AND AIM OF THE JOURNAL.

During its nearly fifty years of existence *The Journal* has ministered to the tastes and wants of a constituency, which, although it embraces subscribers in all parts of the Union, is chiefly centered in the New England States. As a distinctively New England newspaper in tone and spirit, in the scope of its intelligence and in the representation and championship of those interests in which the people of New England are most concerned, it challenges comparison with any other paper. The best test of its success and popularity—better even than the increase in its circulation, is the disposition of those who once have become subscribers, to continue so; and it is one of the most agreeable and encouraging facts to those who have it in charge that it is still a welcome visitor in many homes into which it has found entrance from its early issues. The last half century has witnessed a great many changes in newspaper methods and agencies, and by comparison with its present development, American journalism might almost be said to have been in its infancy when the publication of *The Journal* was begun. Steam, the telegraph and the cable have wrought great transformations, and newspaper enterprise now encircles the globe, presenting the reader of to-day with an epitome of yesterday's happenings in every part of the world. With all these changes and improvements *The Journal* has kept pace; it has added new features and has steadily enlarged its facilities; but through all changes its has retained those distinctive characteristics which have won and kept the regard of its readers. It is therefore better equipped than ever before to meet the demands of its constituency.

THE SPECIAL QUALITIES.

The special aim of *The Journal* is to embrace within its thirty-six columns a sufficient account of all the events of the week at home and abroad to satisfy the needs of the average New England reader. Its presentation of news will be so ample and comprehensive that readers who look to it as their chief or only source of information concerning current events will be able to rely upon its accuracy, and to be sure that no matters of importance can escape their notice. It will endeavor to solve the by no means easy problem of compressing a week's news into a single paper, not by capricious selection and rejection of material, but by careful condensation and arrangement. Bearing in mind in particular the needs of busy men and women, who desire to have the most information conveyed in the most compact form, it will aim at variety and breadth rather than expansion in any particular direction, and will endeavor to perform for its readers the important service of sifting and grouping those matters in which they are likely to feel an interest. In all this, particular attention will be given to

NEW ENGLAND AFFAIRS.

The facilities afforded in this direction by the dispatches of the Associated Press are supplemented and extended by the services of a large number of special correspondents and reporters at the most important points, who will report matters of local interest, by telegraph and mail. Their dispatches and letters, with the gleanings from our exchanges, will make each weekly issue in particular an epitome of New England news. Arrangements have been recently made, of which our readers for the coming year will have the benefit, for the further enlargement of these facilities.

AGRICULTURAL AFFAIRS

Will receive, as heretofore, a large share of attention. The valuable and widely-read contributions of the "Young Farmer," whose hints and suggestions have been a source of profit to hundreds of practical farmers, will be continued; and the markets for produce in Boston, and the condition of the crops and markets in all parts of the country will be reported.

The year before us like the year which is now closing, promises to be one of

SPECIAL POLITICAL INTEREST.

It will witness the closing session of the present Congress, and the opening session of the new one. Matters of grave public concern, such as the revision of the tariff the adoption of new provisions for regulating the count of the electoral vote, the question of the silver coinage, the question of reforms in the civil service, the forms of supplementary legislation for the enforcement of the laws against polygamy, and the question of extending national aid to education will be discussed in Congress; and their discussion, together with the more than usual interest attending the present relations of the great political parties, will draw general attention to Washington, and will make it desirable for the reader to have the fullest and freshest advices therefrom. The needs of the readers of THE WEEKLY JOURNAL in this direction will be fully supplied by our correspondents, "Perley" and Webb," and their assistants, whose special dispatches will be supplemented by the regular press dispatches and by "Perley's" letters, describing the social aspects of Washington life.

THE POLITICAL POSITION OF THE JOURNAL.

The Journal is a Republican newspaper; it believes in Republican principles, and does not regard the mission of the Republican party as ended. It is in sympathy with the most liberal and progressive tendencies in the party, and will lend its influence to the championship of those reforms which the best men of all parties are rapidly coming to regard as essential. The Journal is loyal to Republican principles, but it is not subservient to any direction, and it will never hesitate to criticise measures and tendencies, whatever the party strength behind them, which it regards as harmful. Those who are familiar with its course in the past do not need to be reminded of its policy either as regards the general advocacy of Republican principles, or as to its freedom of utterance, when criticism is called for. To the discussion of all questions, political and other, which demand consideration, The Journal will bring candor, information and a readiness to give both sides a fair hearing. Moral and reformatory measures will be discussed with an intelligent sympathy, business matters will be regularly presented, and in general, the editoral columns will be varied, timely and progressive.

Events of interest as regards

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Will be reported in cable dispatches, and more fully represented and discussed in the very readable and entertaining letters of Mr. Edward Eling, who is a recognized and widely-quoted authority on contemporary affairs abroad.

THE SPECIAL FEATURES

Which have been so acceptable in the past will be continued during the coming year. What The Journal has been it will continue to be, every effort that is possible being made to secure for it the continued support of the reading and thinking men and women of New England.

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Published on Tuesdays and Fridays, is a paper of especial value to persons engaged in commercial pursuits outside the large cities. It contains, in addition to all the news of the day, the fullest possible market, commercial and marine reports, besides a large amount of valuable reading matter of a miscellaneous character.

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Larger clubs $2 70 per copy, and one copy free for every ten subscribers.	54 00

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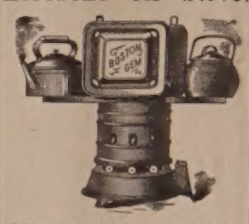

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jan1.'83-1y

FOUR SCHOLARSHIPS in the Manchester Business College for sale cheap at this office. jesa oct1.

NEWS OF THE DAY

GENERAL ITEMS.

—The engineer of the locomotive which collided with a freight train on the Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railroad, causing loss of life, last Saturday, has been lodged in jail at Beaver Co., Pa.

—The barge Saginaw was run down by the Sound steamer City of Worcester and sunk in the East River. Captain Taylor, of the barge, lost his mother, wife and two children.

—A man and a boy were killed by the fall of a water tower which was being tested by the Fire Department in New York City.

—A special Minister is to be sent to the United States from Nicaragua to promote the passage of the act incorporating the Maritime Canal Company.

—Mr. Johnson, of the Republican State Committee of New York, denies all knowledge of the assessment circulars issued over his name after the election.

—An elevator in McKnight's carpet house, Louisville, Ky., recently fell from the second floor to the basement and seriously injured its five passengers.

—Seven thousand five hundred laborers on the Northern Pacific Railroad, with a following of gamblers and saloon-keepers, are approaching the Flathead Indian Agency to the alarm of the agent.

—At Pittsburg the iron trade is reported to be in a very depressed condition.

—Merchants of San Francisco are subscribing for Nicaragua Ship Canal stock.

—Captain Bernard Logan and his mate, Patrick Corrigan, of the whaler Baleine, were arrested in San Francisco for abandoning a sailor on an ice floe.

—A dangerous counterfeit of the Bland silver dollar is being extensively circulated.

—Pope Barrow has been elected United States Senator in Georgia, to fill the unexpired term of the late B. H. Hill, and Alfred H. Colquit for the full term, commencing March 4, 1883.

—The potteries at East Liverpool, Ohio, are resuming work, the strike having proved unsuccessful.

—The Chinese government refuses to give certificates to its subjects other than laborers as provided for in the recent act of Congress.

—Brave Bear, a Yankionais Indian, was hanged at Yankton, D. T., for the murder of Joseph Johnson.

—Coal miners in Western Pennsylvania demand an increased pay of from three and a half to four cents per bushel, and will quit work on the 15th inst. if refused.

—By the derailing of a construction train near Kansas City, Mo., on the Alton Railroad, three men were killed and thirteen wounded.

—By the falling of a large derrick at Cleveland, Ohio, three men were killed.

—The Convent of Notre Dame, near St. Dominique, Canada, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday, but no lives were lost.

—Intensely exciting reports over the cessation of yellow fever's ravages. No new cases.

—At Bridgeport, Mich., the Postmaster has been arrested on a charge of robbing the mails.

—Doctor Julio Macias was killed in a duel in the suburbs of the City of Mexico. The arms used were Colt's revolvers and the distance was fifteen steps.

—Typhoid fever prevails to an alarming extent at Providence, R. I.

—There persons were fatally poisoned through partaking of herb tea at Bowmanville, Ont.

—A locomotive on the Hudson River Railroad, at Peekskill, on crossing from a side track to the down track, ran into the Chicago express, wrecking the drawing-room car and injuring three passengers, one doctor fatally.

—The will of the late John C. Hamilton, son of Alexander Hamilton, was filed in the Surrogate's office. The estate is valued at $1,000,000.

—A dispatch from Cattaro states that the chiefs of the Albanian League have asked for the occupation of Albania by Austrian troops.

—France is about to send troops to Southern Tunis to punish the murderers of the men composing the expedition of Colonel Flatters.

—An extension of time for the payment of arrears of rent is being discussed in the English House of Commons.

—A panic fire raged on the Mongolian frontier of Russia in October, swelling seventy square miles and consuming numbers of Cossack outposts and villages.

—Mr. Gladstone stated that a convention would be concluded with Egypt modelled on that concluded with France after the battle of Waterloo.

—Seven or eight thousand people are to be helped to emigrate from the poorest districts in Ireland.

—Patrick Delaney, who attempted to assassinate Judge Lawson in Dublin, has been remanded for a week.

—The steamer Westphalia, bound for Hamburg from New York, collided with an unknown steamer off Dunby Head, England, at half-past one o'clock Monday morning. The night was very dark. The unknown steamer is believed to have sunk with all hands. One of the Westphalia's boats with seven men on it was lost, and it was with great difficulty that the vessel succeeded in reaching Portsmouth.

—Judge Lawson, the newly-elected commissioner, was on Saturday passing through Clare street, Dublin, when a man crossed the road and tried to draw a pistol. The man was at once arrested.

—Irish farmers tried to stop the Carnivore hunt, but were dispersed.

—Senor Figueroa y Moreno, ex-President of the Spanish Republic, is dead.

THE LITTLE TICKER.

A Fine Picture of Life in Wall Street by Bayne Hanna.

Every day, when down town, I talk to scores of men in offices, banking-rooms and hotels. Every now and then they walk quickly away from me to the little machine known as the stock "ticker." Picking up the tape they glance anxiously over it, come back in a half forgetful way, and resume the conversation, although I see plainly that they are thinking more of the tape than of the talk. And the machine goes on with its rattling, whirring, clicking, nervous "tick ? tick ; tick !" What is this "ticker?" The machine is of little consequence, but the tally it keeps is a wonderful one. In the past few years it has ticked off every minute, every hour, every day, the ebb and flow of the prosperity of the country. It has ticked the profits of all legitimate trade into the pockets of the money-grabbing schemers of Wall street. The gold and silver dollars won by the toil of the farmer, the blacksmith, the bricklayer, the hand of lawyers, doctors and clergymen, the cheques and notes of the druggist, the grocer, the baker and the dry-goods man, all are drawn into this vortex of speculation and deceit.

The "ticker" is everywhere to be seen. Every saloon-keeper, dry goods man, grocer, and every club, have their "ticker." To be without one would be to neglect the wants of their patrons. The men of the houses, who win their money by honest effort, stand about and listen to the "tick ? tick ;" while the "early morn till dewy eve," and the vice goes on in every city of our land. Of course, while our country has free speech, free schools, free journals and free churches, with just as little as possible of "Religion in them" thrown in, we can look over from new wrong to new wrong, and think nothing. It may not be this year, or next year, or the year after, but the time will come.

"Tick ?" "tick ?" "tick ?" There was no ticker in the days of the nation of "Black Friday" and 1873. The early story of those days was not told, misery, want, from the tape in every home and bar room. Men came drive down town with hearse hearts and half-crazed to learn how their property was being swept away by the reckless greed of the money-makers. Those fearful days were bad enough. It was easy to gamble then. But this little "ticker" has made gambling so easy that the whole land is honeycombed with the weakness that comes from playing this game of luck—from robbing the product of labor against the gambler's chance of nothing or a hundred for one.

Our great navy Jacksons, like Sayre, Thomas, Metcalf, Nicoll and Parker, say the "ticker" is ticking men by the thousands into the grave—that it is daily robbing them out of their pockets. The cheques are at his increased and increasing rate of two per cent. per annum. The fortunes are at his increased and increasing rate of two per cent. per annum. It is filling our asylums and graveyards with bodies, and our lunatic asylums and workhouses with the mental wrecks of Wall street. And these wrecks are made that the Vanderbilts, the Goulds and the Sages, even their dogs and horses, may live in golden luxury. To them the "tick" of the "ticker" is a never-making music. The "ticker" would not for their nerves are more than it could the brave statue of Franklin in Independence Square. But when all daily round has ended and the wife takes them and their virtuous daughter into the conference, Cerberus and the Beaver will be no even terms. The beggar will get his six feet of earth. Cerberus won't one and won't get any more. He will only leave his millions for his pampered boys to fight over in the Surrogate's Court, while the heirs of the victims will begin the struggle for life from the bottom up. And the "ticker" will rattle off its "tick ? tick ? tick ?" for other millionaires, and go on making other beggars.

Whistling Girls.

"Why, of course, plenty of girls whistle," says a Boston physician. "Quite a number of them, I should say. Don't you remember old Francis Joseph, at a dancing person, a crowded hall, and a whistling girl never come to any good? But it is all a matter of habit and association in youth. I very much doubt if one girl that is reared in a family without boys about the house ever learns to whistle. On the other hand, a girl with brothers, particularly if there are older than herself, will be very likely to pick it up. But when she gets to be a young woman she will grow it up—simply because it is not rounded out as it ought, accomplishment. I say she will," he continued, "because I should rather see 'I suppose she will.' At all events she will be shy of letting young men hear her whistling. There is no physical reason why a girl should not whistle as well as a boy; not at least until she begins squeezing herself short of breath with corsets. And it would be better for her health if she did not lace and wear tight clothing, even while, in her growth by the developing of her lungs, thus she is accustomed to."

HASTEN SOME PEA.—The boys of Northfield College, Minnesota, were having a great deal of fun in changing a physician's sign for that of an undertaker, when a big bottle full of warm water emptied upon them from the roof of the house. More than twenty of them had to throw away their clothes and get their hair cut very short.

—Two gabby gilded youth this season are endeavoring to let the fact that a month or a man to buy a new overcoat with which to cover up an old suit of clothes, rather than buy a new suit of clothes to be covered up by an old overcoat.

WAITING FOR HIS BRIDE.

The Bachelor of Murderer's Gulch at the Station.

The Chimney Times says: "The New York and New England newspapers advise the unmated women of their region to journey West and beg husbands. We fancy the experience of one of these New England maidens who goes out to throw herself into the arms of one of these Idaho bachelors. He is waiting for her in front of the Cosmopolitan Hotel in Murderer's Gulch. She alights from the stage well-dressed tidy, prim, and spectacled as ever. She has been a schoolteacher for twenty-odd years, and she has education and the feelings and tastes of a lady, her only weakness being a too strong desire to marry. The bachelor stands on the veranda of the hotel with his hands in his trousers pockets. He has bought a suit of store clothes for the occasion. The wrinkles of rawness are not absent from every garment. He has visited the barber shop. His face is shining, and his hair, dripping with oil, is combed and waxed down on his forehead and brushed out behind. His hat is cocked rakishly, with a sort of a northeast slip over one eye, and his heavy boots shine in a holiday dash of motion fat. To the admiring eye of the denizens of Murderer's Gulch the bachelor is a picture of fashionable elegance. He owns a paying claim or a cattle ranch, fifty miles from the gulch, and once a month he rides on horseback to that centre of civilization to get a shave—which means he comes to have a roaring drunk, play faro, and have a fight, not to mention other forms of enjoyment. As the mail stage from Massachusetts alights, and with a dainty little shake or two frees her raiment from dust, the Idaho bachelor squirts a gill of tobacco juice on the verandah, draws the back of his horny hand across his lips, assumes a gallant grin, and shambles forward to meet his bride. She looks at him, turns pale, and with differently empurpled countenance, and taking his shabby-hide valise, totters into the hotel. The parson is there in waiting. If she marries the Idaho bachelor, the maid from Massachusetts will, in the course of ten years, die of hard work over the cooking stove and in acting as general roustabout in the cabin and on the ranch, and leave behind her a large family, the boys of which will probably be like their father and die with their boots on."

Ursule's Apple Sprig.

A LITTLE FRENCH STORY WITH A WEDDING FOR AN ENDING.

In some parts of France, says a Paris letter, marriageable girls are accustomed to pluck, as they return from midnight mass on Christmas Eve, a sprig of apple tree, which they put in a vial full of water; the vial is hung in their bedchamber in front of the window; if one bud blooms before Easter the mistress is sure to be married before the year ends. Among the servants of a chateau near Alencon was a chambermaid from Brittany. She was a gentle, good-natured, quiet, pious—except on occasions—country way, but—she was homebodied. Her name was Ursule. Taking advantage of the dark night she, too, plucked a sprig of apple tree—sure that nobody saw her. She was mistaken. A fellow-servant saw her, and made the servants' hall ring with peals of laughter at poor Ursule's expense. Still, they kept the secret among themselves. They all agreed to play a trick on poor Ursule. Easter Eve one of the journeymen gardeners removed the old sprig of apple tree from the vial in Ursule's bed chamber and put in its place a sprig covered with blossoms.

When Ursule went into the bed-chamber she could not believe her eyes. She returned to the servants' hall; her face was radiant with delight as she showed her trophy; the head of the journeymen gardeners revealed the trick put on her. She stood dumb, confounded, trembling, anger by skin to restrain her tears. Just at this moment the mistress entered the servants' hall. The mistress said: "Ursula, the apple tree sprig may be trust'd; believe it; you will be married before Christmas next. You are a virtuous girl; I am sure you will make a virtuous wife; you owe it to God and husband with as much money as I can; and I will give you." As she spoke the mistress twined a 1,000-franc bank note around the sprig and returned it to Ursule. A fortnight afterward the journeyman gardener, who had put the trick on her, asked her in marriage, but she refused him (at which he was greatly pained) and married another.

Old Folks on the Farm.

Students of social problems think they see conclusive proof that grandparents will be less plentiful half a century hence than now. A contemporary inclines to this view, and suggests the keeping of them no longer as long as we can. The farm owes enormous sums of the earnings of the old with men and women whose useful lives have been spent in activity, makes lighter cares around the house so natural and easy for them that they will never know it was planned.

Happy the man whose younger kinsman will carry on the old farm, and let him work or not as he pleases—giving him easy chair by the warmest corner of the fireplace in winter, and a shady nook in the veranda wherein to nod over his newspaper in summer. Thrice happy the good farm-wife whose daughter or daughter's daughter, reserves the best crystal door room for her use, and carries on the work herself—all the while pleasing "mother" with the belief that she is still doing it as the did for half-a-hundred years. How sweet and placid the dear old face, as she goes with feeble steps to kitchen and dairy, looking after the things "she knows just how many chickens there are, and when the speckled hen ought to come off; to possess judgment on the new cow, and when the slight finishing touch to the butter which will the first premium at the County Fair so many years ago—before "help" was known in the farm-house. She "goes to meeting" with a regularity that shames her children, and passes gently down the slope of the hill of life serenely happy amid accustomed scenes and familiar faces.

Up in the Morning.

GOVERNOR-elect Butler, of Massachusetts, rises at six o'clock in the morning and takes a walk through the public grounds of his Lowell home before breakfast. After that meal, with a little bouquet in his button-hole and a big one in his hand, he drives to the depot and indulges in his "regular morning excitement," namely, to see how near he can come to missing the train and yet not miss it; and to catch the rear steps of the last car, just as it rushes by the end of the platform, seems to give him more pleasure than the most refined dinner. During the day at his office he is usually in a good humor, but when something disagreeably annoying occurs he is sure to exclaim that such work never was seen before "since Adam was a boy."

THE FARMER AND THE PUBLIC PRESS.—A Connecticut editor published the statement that "A frog fell into a pail of milk in a Connecticut town one night recently, and in the morning was found sitting upon a roll of fresh butter which he had fashioned by kicking with his hind legs." A farmer read the notice and put the following item in the next issue of the paper: "A farmer in this county has a trick of sitting on the butter-tub when he churns, and he got a big scare the other day by finding a frog there." The editor has had a subscriber and considerable fun about it.—*Boston Post.*

A WARNING FROM ST. PAUL.

THE CURSE OF ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH.

Rev. Robert Collyer on the Danger of Speculation—A Warning to Young Men.

Rev. Robert Collyer, in a sermon of "Homely Words for These Times," took his text from I. Thessalonians, iv., 11, 12—"And that ye study to be quiet and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands as we commanded you; that ye may walk honestly toward them that are without, and that ye may have lack of nothing." There was, when this was written, the preacher said, a spirit of speculation rife among the people of Thessaly and the Apostle Paul saw that they were more given up to dreaming than to working. There was too much talk about the celestial city and about its wealth and its treasures, and not enough endeavor to win the right of entry there. The people were trying to win and discover new roads and short cuts to wealth, and to the mountains Paul saw that the true manhood and the true Christianity was rapidly evaporating out of them. So he warned them in words plain and to the point that the way to prosperity, and to happiness and to godliness was for each man to do his appointed work, to contribute something to the general good, and so with the right to take something from society and the world. The world owes no man a living, but it offers to each man a chance to make an honest living, to enjoy all that can naturally be partaken of, and more than that no man will defend.

The warning which St. Paul uttered had, the preacher thought, a special application in this day and generation. It was an era of speculation, and gill-edged stocks were more talked about, more fought about and more thought about than the manhood which comes from a successful career, whether the career be the humble one of a handicraftsman or the more responsible one of a director of great works. Men think of the celestial city only as a place where the gold lies so near the surface that there is no need of digging for it; where corner lots near the throne must be good holdings and where there is to be eternal succession of good things without the necessity of any work to enjoy them. Men are wildly seeking to reach the one goal of wealth by some by-way rather than the highway of work. We are drifting on and on toward a crash. There is no talk of the values of things, but of the prices which may may be obtained. A man doubles his stock by some legerdemain of the printing press and then wonders to wake up some morning and find out that he has, after all, only diluted his previous wealth, and that as he has done nothing to merit reward, that he has earned nothing substantial. Man whom we thought first-class suddenly find the Penitentiary door opening before them. They were shams, and are but getting their deserts. Men who were princes of wealth turn out to be really beggars. They had contributed nothing to the world, and when their borrowed plumage was stripped off them only the gaunt skeleton of real poverty was found. God's laws are not to be disobeyed with impunity. The righteous are never forsaken, nor are His seed found begging bread, nor, on the other hand, are the ungodly and the undeserving long permitted to enjoy that which they have not earned. You will recall a score of glaring contradictions to this law. Ah! they are only seeming anomalies. Wait, and in God's good time the cycle of retribution will sweep them from your sight and the power of the law of Heavon made manifest.

There is a tendency to drift on to the very acrithesis of communism; it is not something for every man, but everything for some men. The fabric is rotten and it must come down. And, again, the words of Scripture come to pass, that there is lack of nothing when you do your own business and work with your own hands. If you are a baker or a preacher, a doctor or a blacksmith, attend to your own business and let speculation alone. There is comfort in money honestly earned and well spent, but none in the gains that come from a turn of stocks, from some manipulation by which you get the better of your fellows, and that they could have robbed you as you rob them is no justification. It does notmake your enjoyment of the money the greater to know that if you had not got it by hook and crook that somebody else would have gotten it so. God's command through His apostles and His disciples is directed to each of you individually, and each one in his own right and in his own person will be held to an account for the purity of that manhood which it should be his highest aim to cultivate.

In concluding, Dr. Collyer said he was moved to preach a sermon on such a topic and to use plain words, that young men may be warned in time. There is room enough for all and a competence for each one that may seek it, but there are, as well, many glittering pits of deceit, where there is a seeming substance but really only a bartering of manhood and womanhood for a bauble. There were fine clothes and soiled manhood, jeweled hands and blackened hearts, and the clothes and the jewels which could be seen of men represented all that there was of value about their wearers. They were the veneering to a mass of deceit and corruption, and God looked down deep enough to see all that there was of a man or woman, no matter how finely he or she looked on the outside. He knew the generous giver who felt a pride in comforting the afflicted and the sordid seeker after notoriety, who gave the dripplings of his wealth and was not easy until the fact had been blazoned out in the newspapers. God is not deceived by trappings, and for the devil they are the willies by which he binds his victims and and drags them down to perdition. Wealth got in honest channels is obedience to God's laws, and spent in furthering His kingdom, raises man to heaven, but scorched in the whirpool of speculation, wrested from less fortunate ones in the battle of life it is a weight which crushes out one's manhood, and with that goes there is nothing worth living for and nothing to look forward to in dying.

DRIVEN TO DEATH.—Because of an insinuation that he had not properly accounted for money furnished by the Rev. Dr. Curry, agent of the Peabody fund for building normal institutes, and other persons, the Rev. J. W. Dinsmore, Arkansas State Superintendent of Public Education, committed suicide at Fayetteville. The charges seem to have been entirely disproved, but republican persecution of the dead is not unusual. They kept it up relentlessly till they drove the unfortunate man to his doom.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

Its Position on Some of the Leading Questions of the Day.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

Pickles Smith sighed heavily as he arose and introduced the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, Dat we am libin' too fast, an' dat it am de opinyun of dis club dat retrenchment an' economy should become de standard mottoes ob de kentry."

Waydown Bobee opposed the resolution. He had lived all summer on potatoes, codfish and bakers' bread, and if that was too fast living he didn't know himself.

Whalebone Howker said he must also oppose it. He had worn the same suit of clothes for four years, and it had been eighteen months since he had seen a mince pie on his table. Any further stretch of economy would leave him without stockings for the winter.

Samuel Shin didn't want to seem captious, and as a rule he always voted in favor of every motion or resolution introduced, but in this case he must rebel. He was for four months behind in his rent, needed a hundred new things in his house, and was forced to make one paper collar last him a whole week.

Several other members spoke in the same vein, and the President placed the resolution on the window-sill with the remark:

"If de kentry can't take care of herself she must bust. If we had de money to fling on good clothes an' order quail on toast, I reckon dat all de mottoes ever hung up wouldn't stop us. De resolution will be laid aside and sold by de pound."

Elder Ponstock arose to remark that he has been asked how the Lime-Kiln Club stood on the question of woman suffrage, and he would now ask for a plain expression of opinion.

Prof. Darius Gherkins stood up in his corner to say that he had lately received three letters bearing on the subject, and was anxiously awaiting a decision.

"Gem'len," replied Brother Gardner, "it 'pears to me dat when de men of dis kentry make a failure of de bisness of runnin' it dar will be an opportunity fur de wimen folks to take hold. If God had designed woman for a polytahun he wouldn't have wasted so much time on her h'ar, teeth, eyes, complexion and gineral outfit. Any sort of a thing on legs kin wote, an' mose any sort of a man kin git offis. When woman becomes a failure as a wife, mother and sister, we'll try an' make an elector of her. When dar am no furder use fur modesty, charity and womanly kindness we'll all go in fur a high cle pollytical campaign.

"So fur as a poo' ole nigger like me has bin able to obsarve doorin' de las twenty y'ars, de ideah of woman suffrage has bin advocated only by sich pussons as am too stilly to keep a place among men, an' too hem'ly to secure de respect of wimen. Dis club would recommend dat dey soak deir heads in butter-milk or sot up a new kingdom in some co'ner of some poo' kentry. We will now catsoh to our homes."

From the Stage Driver's Seat to Congress and Back Again.

The New York *Times* thus speaks of Frank Page, who was defeated for Congress in the late election in California: Mr. Page, in his brief Congressional career, has achieved a great success. As a stage-driver on the route between Hangtown and Shingle Springs, Cal., he won the good-will of all who were privileged to ride on the box with him or whose commissions he executed in the mining hamlets through which he drove a Concord coach in summer and a "mud-wagon" in winter. Urbane when it was profitable, but rough and ready when it was necessary. Page captivated not only the entire population between Shingle and Hangtown, but his fame as a fixer of primaries and a forcible orator when a convention was to be bull-dozed, spread through all the region roundabout.

From Skunk's Misery to Murderer's Bar and from Blue Tent to Yuba Dam, he was known as a mighty politician. When he was announced as candidate for Congress the bloated aristocrats who wore "boiled shirts" and eschewed tobacco winced a little. But political merit never goes long unrewarded. The stage-driver threw down his lines, one fine day, and walked into Congress and took his seat. Under the present Administration he became a prime favorite with the President. He made and unmade Federal officials, controlled star routes, dabbled in naval matters, and managed the River and Harbor bill.

Small Talma mantles are worn at present in Paris.

MARKET NOTES.

NEW YORK MARKET.

The Wholesale New York market quotations show:

BEANS—Prime $3.25@3.40; fair to good, $2.6 @2.70 per bushel.

BUTTER—New York sold at 36@38c. for choice in pails, and 30@33c. common to good. Western sold at 37@39c. and the common Western at 32@36c.

CHEESE—Factory fancy, 12½@13c; do fair to good, 9@10c.

EGGS—Quotations ranged from 28c. for or dinary to 32c. for New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

FLOUR—Superfine, $3.25@3.90; Western, 3.4 @3.75; extra New York, $4.60@6.75. EXT—Shipping, $5.60@6.00; clover, 5@70c. salt, 65c.; straw, 30@40c.

HOPS—New York, $1.10@$1.20; Eastern, 95@ $1.10; yearlings, —@—; olds, —@—.

LARD—Prime steam, —@—; kettle, 7½@ 7¾c. in bulk; in barrels, 8½c.; naphtha, 6½c. in shipping order, and 11½@12½c. in cases.

PORK—New mess, $21.50@$22.00; dressed hog, 8½@9½c.

WHEAT—Spring No. 3, $1.30@$1.43; Milwaukee, No. 2, $1.38; amber, $1.33@$1.40. white, $1.46@$1.52½.

RYE—Steady, 74@75½c.

WOOL—Ohio, Pennsylvania and Virginia, XXX, 45@46c.; XX, 42@45c.; X, 42@43c.; No. 1, 40@42c.; No. 2, 38@40c.; common, 33@35c.; New York and Western XX and X, 39@41½c.; No. 1, 44@46c.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

FLOUR—State family, ——@$4.87 ½; Pennsylvania family, $4.75@$4.87½; wheat, State, 9——@ $1.13; amber, $1.05@$1.08; yellow, Bl@; mixed State, 84c.

PETROLEUM—Refined, 8½c.; crude, 6¼c.

BUTTER—Pennsylvania XX, 46@48c.; X, 42@44c.; medium, 36@38c.; fancy, 48c.

BOSTON MARKET.

FLOUR—From $4.75@$4.00 for low and choice Minnesota, $5.00@$5.50 for choice Minnesota. CORN, 67@68c. for mixed and yellow.

BUTTER—Common, 22@23c. Vermont dairy, 29@34c.; choice creamery, 36@38c.

CHEESE, 12@13c.

BEANS—$1.10@$1.15.

HAY—Choice, $18@$19.

CATTLE MARKETS.

BUFFALO — Steady; quality, $5.15@ 5.35 heavy, fair to good, $5.35@$7.05 best, $7.15.

EAST LIBERTY, PENN.—Best cattle, $6.10@ $6.30; good, $5.90@$6.00; fair, $5.60@$5.70; common to fair, $4.00@$4.50; bulls, $3.00@$4.00; fat cows, $3.00@$3.50; fresh cows, $35@$45. Sheep and lambs steady; best, $5.50@$5.60; common, $4.50@$5.00; spring lambs, $6@$6½c. Veal calves, $6@$6½.

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THE FLOWER CITY FUROR.

The Commotion Caused by the Statement of a Physician.

An unusual article from the Rochester (N. Y.) *Democrat and Chronicle* was published in this paper recently and has been the subject of much conversation both in professional circles and on the street. Apparently it caused more commotion in Rochester, as the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. R. Heaton, who is well known not only in Rochester, but in nearly every part of this country, and to readers to this paper, a few days since, which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and success from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal inquiries which have been made at our office as to the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed an absolute necessity.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Heaton, at his residence on St. Paul street, when the following conversation in relation to that article of yours, doctor, has created quite a furore. Tell us the statements about the infinite condition you were in, and the way you were rescued such as you can sustain?

"Every one of them and many additional ones. Few people ever get so near the grave as I did and then return, and I am not surprised that the public think it marvelous. It was a most wonderful case.

"How in the world did you, a physician, come to be brought so low?"

"By neglecting the first and most simple of my symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It is true I had frequent headaches and felt tired most of the time, could eating nothing one day and was ravenous the next; felt dull to definite pains and my stomach was out of order, but I did not think it meant anything serious."

"But have these common ailments anything to do with the fearful Bright's disease which took such a hold upon you?"

"Anything? Why, they are the sure indications of the first stages of that dreadful malady. The fact is few people know or realize what it is when it comes by one, leaving a Spanish lad at the helm to keep a solitary watch. The wind changed, a stiff breeze sprang up, and the Hortense sped swiftly on toward the dreaded rock. The captain's terrier was on deck and wide awake. Rushing to his master's cabin, he jumped upon the sleeping man and woke him. Told to be quiet, Nep only barked the louder, till the thoroughly-roused captain thought he might as well go on deck. He was just in time. Right ahead lay the rock, and seizing the helm, he put the vessel about. Three minutes later, and the Hortense would have been a wreck.

PURE COD LIVER OIL, from selected livers, on the seashore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., N. Y. Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians declare it superior to all other oils.

CHAPPED HANDS, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

There is no greater delight than to be consciousness of sincerity in self-examination. Manhood.

All that is Claimed.

560 BALTIMORE STREET,
BALTIMORE Md., Feb. 5, 1881.

H. H. WARNER & Co.: *Sirs*—Your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure has accomplished in my case all you claim for it. I have been thoroughly healed by its speedy curative properties.

G. F. BESE.

The sorgrives of the soul slumb r in the vague reveries of horror.—Mme. Ristori.

GET Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners applied to new boots or shoes before you run them over.

Can one better expiate his sins than by enlisting his exertions in the service of morals.—De Bonard.

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health, cures dyspepsia, impotence. $1.

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

William Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says in the fall of 1876 I was taken with bleeding of the lungs followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. Physicians admitted to the hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half-dollar. At one time I was not expected to live. I was induced to try Piso's Cure for Consumption, and am positively sure it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness.

FOR THICK HEADS, heavy stomachs, biliousness—Wells' May Apple Pills. 25c.

You Remember Parts for advertising in this paper apply to the publisher of this paper. 247

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Two Dollars.
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An Unexpected Reply.

Even if one is a fool, it is a mark of wisdom to know it. The honest Irishman in this case did not have a very high opinion of himself, but he could not help betraying the mother-wit of his nation:

When Bishop Whittaker was in Candelaria, Nevada, he took a stroll in the outskirts of the camp with a party of ladies and gentlemen. A man was seen laboriously turning a windlass which hoisted from a shaft a bucket filled with rock. The only thing remarkable about the man at the windlass was his hat, the crown of which was still clean off, allowing the hot sun to pour down upon a perfectly bald head, some waggish friends having recommended this arrangement as sure to produce a crop of hair.

The Bishop and his party stood watching the man toiling and grunting at his heavy labor for several minutes, and then the kind-hearted clergyman spoke up with concern, and said,—

"My friend, why don't you cover up your head? This hot sun will affect your brain."

"Brain, is it?" cried the man, as he gave the windlass another heavily-creaking revolution. "Brain, labors, an' if I had any brains, d'ye think I'd be here pullin' up this bucket?"

The Bishop and his party hastily retired.

Saved by a Dog.

If ships have been strangely lost, they have been just as strangely saved. The Hortense, from New Orleans to Massachusetts, was nearing the Florida Straits. Before turning in for the night, her commander warned the mate not to omit calling him at three o'clock, as they would then be approaching the double-headed Shot Keys, a large and dangerous rock. The night were on. The mate went below to get something out of his chest, sat down upon it, and was soon fast asleep. All seemed well on deck, thinking all was right, dropped off one by one, leaving a Spanish lad at the helm to keep a solitary watch. The wind changed, a stiff breeze sprang up, and the Hortense sped swiftly on toward the dreaded rock. The captain's terrier was on deck and wide awake. Rushing to his master's cabin, he jumped upon the sleeping man and woke him. Told to be quiet, Nep only barked the louder, till the thoroughly-roused captain thought he might as well go on deck. He was just in time. Right ahead lay the rock, and seizing the hel